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STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems,
With other Delights of the
MUSES.

By RICHARD CRASHAW, *sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of S. Peters Coll. in Cambridge.*

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STEPS

TO THE

TEMPLE

Sacred Poems

With other Delights of the
Muse


By RICHARD CLEGG
Author of "The Temple of the
Muses," &c.
in Cambridge.

Printed by J. B. L. & Co. in
Cambridge.



The Preface to the Reader.

Learned Reader,

 He Authors friend, will not usurpe much upon thy eye: This is onely for those, whom the name of our Divine Poet hath not yet seized into admiration, I dare undertake, that what Jamblicus (in vita Pythagoræ) affirmeth of his Master, at his Contemplations, these Poems can, viz. They shall lift thee Reader, some yards above the ground: and, as in Pythagoras Schoole, every temper was first tuned into a weight by severall proportions of Musick; and spiritualized for one of his weighty Lectures; So maist

The Preface

thou take a Poem hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch; and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation. In these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's Herbert's second, but equall, who hath retriev'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its Primitive use; Let it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came. Thinke yee, St. Augustine would have steyned his graver Learning with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied their dearest end to be the vanity of Love-Sonnets, and Epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this, our Poet, that every foot in a high-tonne Verse, might helpe to measure the soule into that better world: Divine Poetry; I dare hold it, in position against Suarez on the subject, to be the Language of the Angels; it is the Quintessence of Phantasie and discourse center'd in Heaven; 'tis the very Outgoings of the soule; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that

To the Reader.

that in his owne verse.

It were prophane but to mention here
in the Preface those under-beaded Poets,
Retainers to seven Shares and a halfe;
Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse
in verse, is to rime a poore six-penny
soule, a Subburd sinner into hell; — May
such arrogant pretenders to Poetry va-
nish, with their prodigious issue of tumo-
rous heats and flasbes of their adulterate
braines, and for ever after, may this our
Poet fill up the better roome of man.
Oh! when the generall arraignment of
Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their
higher soules, with what a triumphant
brow, shall our divine Poet sit above, and
looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil,
Horace, Claudian? &c. who had amongst
them the ill lucke to talke out a great
part of their gallant Genius, upon Bees,
Dung, froggs, and Gnats, &c. and not
as himselfe here, upon Scriptures, divine
Graces, Martyrs and Angels.

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems,
Stepps to the Temple, and aptly, for

The Preface

in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St. Maries Church neere St. Peters Colledge: There he lodged under Tertullian's roose of Angels: There he made his nest more gladly then David's Swallow neere the house of God: where like a primitive Saint, he offered more prayers in the night, then others usually offer in the day; There, he penned these Poems, Stepps for happy soules to climbe heaven by.

And those other of his pieces intituled, The Delights of the Muses, (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him, hee was excellent in fivē Languages (besides his Mother tongue) vid. Helrew, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spanishe, the two last whereof hee had little helpe in, they were of his owne acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in Academick (as well pious as harmlesse arts) hee made his skill in Poetry Musick

To the Reader.

Musicke, Drawing, Limming, graving,
(exercises of his curiour invention and
sudden fancy) to bee but his subservi-
ent recreations for vacant houres, not
the grand businesse of his soule.

To the former Qualifications I might
adde that which would crowne them all,
his rare moderation in diet (almost
Lesbian temperance) hee never created a
Muse out of distempers, nor with our
Canary scribblers) cast any strange
mists of surfets before the Intelectuall
beames of his mind or memory, the lat-
ter of which, hee was so much a master
of, that hee had there under locke and
key in readinesse, the richest treasures of
the best Greeke and Latine Poets, some
of which Authors hee had more at his
command by heart, then others that onely
read their workes, to retaine little, and
understand lesse.

Enough Reader, I intend not a vo-
lume of praises, larger then his booke,
nor need I longer transport thee to
thinke over his vast perfections, I will

To the Reader.

conclude all that I have impartially
writ of this Learned young Gent. (now
dead to us) as hee himselfe doth, with
the last line of his Poem upon Bishop
Andrews Picture before his Sermons.

Verte paginas.

— Look on his following leayes, and see him breath.

The



The Authors Motto.

Live Jesus, Live, and let it bee

My life to dye, for love of thee





REader, there was a sudden
mistake ('tis too late to re-
cover it) thou wilt quickly find
it out, and I hope as soone passe
it over, some of the humane Po-
ems are misplaced amongst the
Divine.





The Weeper.



Aile Sister Springs,
Parents of Silver-forded rills !
Ever bubbling things
Thawing Christall ! Snowy Hills !

Still spending, never spent ; I meane
Thy faire Eyes sweet *Magdalene*.

2 Heavens thy faire Eyes bee,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
Tis seed-time still with thee
And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares
Promise the earth ; to countershine
What ever makes Heavens fore-head fine.

3 But wee are deceived all,
Stars they are indeed too true,
For they but seeme to fall
As Heavens other spangles doe :
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so pretious.

4 Vpwards thou dost weepe,
Heavens bosome drinks the gentle streame.
Where th' milky rivers meet,
Thine Crawles above and is the Creame.
Heaven, of such faire floods as this,
Heaven the Christall Ocean is.

Steps to the Temple.

5 Every morne from hence,
A briske Cherub something lips
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetnesse to his sweetest lips.
Then to his Musicke, and his song
Tastes of this breakefast all day long.

6 When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a roome,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their Bottles come ;
And draw from these full Eyes of thine,
Their Masters water, their owne Wine.

7 The dew no more will weepe,
The Primroses pale cheeke to decke,
The deaw no more will sleepe,
Nuzzel'd in the Lillies necke.
Much rather would it tremble heere,
And leave them both to bee thy Teare.

8 Not the soft Gold which
Steales from the Amber-weeping Tree,
Makes sorrow halfe so Rich,
As the drops distil'd from thee.
Sorrowes best Jewels lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the Keyes.

9 When sorrow would be scene
In her brightest Majesty,
(For shee is a Queen)
Then is shee drest by none but thee.
Then, and onely then shee weares
Her richest Pearles, I meane thy Teares.

10 Not in the Evenings Eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dyes,
Shes sorrow with a face so faire.

Stepsto the Temple.

3

Nowhere but heere did ever meet
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnes so sweet.

11 Sadnesse all the while
Shee sits in such a Throne as this,
Can doe nought but smile,
Nor beleeves shee sadnesse is
Gladnesse it selfe would bee more glad
To bee made so sweetly sad,

12 There is no need at all
That the Balsame-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall,
His med'cinable Teares ; for now
Nature hath learn't t' extract a dew,
More loveraigne and sweet from you.

13 Yet let the poore drops weepe,
Weeping is the case of woe,
Softly let them creepe
Sad that they are vanquish't so,
They, though to others no releife
May Balsame bee for their own grief.

14 Golden though hee bee,
Golden *Tagus* murmurs though,
Might hee flow from thee
Content and quiet would hee goe,
Richer far does he esteeme
Thy silver, then his golden streame.

Steps to the Temple.

15 Well does the *May* that lyes
Smiling in thy cheekes, confesse,
The *April* in thine eyes,
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse.
No *April* e're lent softer showres,
Nor *May* returned fairer flowers.

16 Thus dost thou melt the yeare
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth heere ;
Takes his teare and gets him gone ;
By thine eyes tinct enobled thus
Time layes him up : he's pretious.

17 Time as by thee he passeth,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His Hower-Glasses.
By them his steps he rectifies.
The sands he us'd no longer please,
For his owne sands hee'l use thy seas.

18 Does thy song lull the Ayre ?
Thy teares just Cadence still keeps time.
Does thy sweet breath'd *Prayer*
Vp in clouds of Incense climbe ?
Still at each sigh, that is each stop:
A bead, that is a teare doth drop.

19 Does the Night arise ?
Still thy teares doe fall, and fall.
Does night loose her eyes ?
Still the fountaine weeps for all.
Let night or day doe what they will
Thou hast thy taske, thou weepest still.

Steps to the Temple?

3

20 Not, so long she liv'd,
Will thy tombe report of thee
But *so long she greiv'd,*
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by Dayes, by Monthes, by Yeares
Measure their Ages, Thou by Teares.

21 Say watry Brothers
Yee simpering sons of those faire eyes,
Your fertile Mothers.
What hath our world that can entice
You to be borne ? what is't can borrow
You from her eyes swolne wombes of sorrow.

22 Whither away so fast ?
O whither ? for the sluttish Earth
Your sweetnesse cannot tast
Nor does the dust deserve your Birth.
Whither hast ye then ? o say
Why yee trip so fast away ?

23 We goe not to seeke
The darlings of *Aurora's* bed,
The Roses modest cheeke
Nor the Violets humble head.
No such thing ; we goe to meet
A worthier object, *Our Lords* feet.

B 3

The

Steps to the Temple.

The Teare.

1. **W**Hat bright soft thing is this?
Sweet *Mary* thy faire Eyes expence?
A moist sparke it is,
A watry Diamond; from whence
The very Terme, I think, was found
The water of a *Diamond*.

2. O 'tis not a Teare,
'Tis a starre about to drop
From thine eye its spheare;
The Sunne will stoope and take it up.
Proud will his sister be to weare
This thine eyes Iewell in her Eare.

3. O 'tis a Teare,
Too true a Teare; for no sad eyne,
How sad so e're
Raine so true a Teare as thine;
Each Drop leaving a place so deare,
Weeps for it selfe, is its owne Teare.

4. Such a Pearle as this is,
(Slipt from *Aurora's* dewy Brest)
The Rose buds sweet lip kisses;
And such the Rose its selfe when vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warme a Bed.

5. Such the Maiden Gemme
By the wanton Spring put on,
Peeps from her Parent stemme,
And blushes on the watry Sun;
This watry Blossome of thy Eyne
Ripe, will make the richer Wine.

Steps to the Temple.

6 Faire Drop, why quak'st thou so ?
'Cause thou streight must lay thy Head
In the Dust? o no ;
The Dust shall never bee thy Bed :
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with Downe of Angels wing.

7 Thus carryed up on high,
(For to Heaven thou must goe)
Sweetly shalt thou lye,
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe ;
Till the singing Orbes awake thee,
And one of their bright *Chorus* make thee.

8 There thy selfe shalt bee
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whither th'hadst rather there have shone
An eye of Heaven ; or still shine here
In th'Heaven of *Mary's* eye, a *Teare*.

Steps to the Temple.

Divine Epigrams.

On the water of our Lords Baptisme.

EAch blest drop, on each blest limme,
 Is washt it selfe, in washing him :
 Tis a Gemme while it stayes here,
 While it falls hence 'tis a Teare.

A & 8

On the baptized Æthiopian.

LEt it no longer be a forlorne hope
 To wash an Æthiope :
 He's washt, His gloomy skin a peacefull shade
 For his white soule is made :
 And now, I doubt not, the Eternall Dove,
 A black-fac'd house will love.

On the miracle of multiplyed loaves.

SEe here an easie Feast that knowes no wound,
 That under Hungers Teeth will needs be found :
 A suble Harvest of unbounded bread,
 What would ye more? Here food it selfe is fed.

Vpon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

HEre, where our Lord once laid his Head,
 Now the Grave lies buried.

Steps to the Temple.

The Widowes Mites.

TWO Mites, two drops, (yet all her house and land)
Falls from a steady Heart, though trembling hand :
The others wanton wealth foams high, and brave,
The other cast away, she onely gave.

Luk. 15.

On the Prodigall.

TELL me bright Boy, tell me my golden Lad,
Whither away so frolick ? why so glad ?
What all thy Wealth in counsaile ? all thy state ?
Are Husks so deare ? troth 'tis a mighty rate.

On the still surviving markes of our Saviours wounds.

WHAT ever story of their crueltie,
Or Naile, or Thorne, or Speare have writ in Thee,
Are in another sence
Still legible ;
Sweet is the difference ;
Once I did spell.
Every red letter
A wound of thine ;
Now, (what is better)
Balsome for mine.

Act. 5.

The sicke implore St. Peter's shadow.

UNDER thy shadow may I lurke a while,
Death's busie search I'll easily beguile :
Thy shadow Peter, must shew me the Sun,
My light's thy shadowes shadow, or 'tis done.

B 3. Luk. 7.

Steps to the Temple.

Mar. 7.

*The dumbe healed, and the people
enjoyed silence.*

Chris bids the dumbe tongue speake, it speakes, the
Hee charges to be quiet, it runs round, (sound
If in the first he us'd his fingers Touch :
His hands whole strength here, could not be too much.

Mat. 28.

Come see the place where the Lord lay.

SHow me himselfe, himselfe (bright Sir) O show
Which way my poore Tears to himselfe may goe,
Were it enough to show the place, and say,
Looke, *Mary*, here see, where thy Lord once lay,
Then could I show these armes of mine, and say
Looke, *Mary*, here see, where thy Lord once lay.

To Pontius washing his hands.

THy hands are washt, but 6 the waters spilt,
That labour'd to have washt thy guilt :
The flood, if any can that can suffice,
Must have its Fountaine in thine Eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs.

Goe smiling soules, your new built Cages breake,
Gleav'n you'l learne to sing ere here to speake,
Nor

Steps to the Temple.

11

Nor let the milky founts that bath your thirst,
Bee your delay ;
The place that calls you hence, is at the worst
Milke all the way.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

NOW Lord, or never, they'l beleeeve on thee,
Thou to their Teeth hast prov'd thy Deity.

Marke 4.

why are yee afraid, O yee of little faith ?

AS if the storme meant him ;
Or, 'cause Heavens face is dim,
His needs a cloud,
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind,
Or wave so proud ?

The Wind had need be angry, and the Water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten wrack.

There is no storme but this
Of your owne Cowardise
That braves you out ;
You are the storme that mocks
Your selves ; you are the Rocks
Of your owne doubt :
Besides this feare of danger, there's no danger here,
And he that here feares Danger, does deserve his Feare.

On

Steps to the Temple.

On the Blessed Virgins bashfulnesse.

THat on her lap she casts her humble Eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her Humility.
The faire starre is well fixt, for where, o where
Could she have fixt it on a fairer Spheare?
'Tis Heav'n 'tis Heaven she sees, Heavens God there
She can see heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes: (lyes,
This new Guest to her Eyes new Lawes hath given,
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to Heaven.

Vpon Lazarus his Teares.

RIch Lazarus! richer in those Gems, thy Teares.
Then Dives in the Roabes he weares:
He scornes them now, but o they'l sute full well
With th'Purple he must weare in Hell.

Two went up into the Temple to pray.

TWo went to pray? o rather say
One went to brag, th'other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th'other dares not lend his eye.

One neerer to Gods Altar trod,
The other to the Altars God.

Vpon the Ass that bore our Saviour.

HAth onely Anger an Omnipotence
In Eloquence?
Within the lips of Love and Ioy doth dwell
No miracle?

Why

Steps to the Temple.

Why else had *Baalams* Ass a tongue to chide
His Masters pride?
And thou (Heaven-burthen'd Beast) hast ne're a word
To praise thy Lord
That he should find a Tongue and vocall Thunder,
Was a great wonder.
But o me thinkes 'tis a farre greater one
That thou find'st none.

Matthew 8.

*I am not worthy that thou should'st
come under my roofe.*

THY God was making hast into thy roofe,
Thy humble faith and feare keeps him aloofe:
Hee'l be thy Guest, because he may not be,
Hee'l come — into thy house? no, into thee.

Vpon the Powder Day.

HOW fit our well-rank'd Feasts doe follow,
All misch'efe comes after *All Hallow.*

I am the Doore.

AND nowth'art set wide ope, The Speare's sad Art,
Lo! hath unlockt thee at the very Heart:
(Hee to himselfe (I feare the worst).
And his owne hope
Hath shut these Doores of Heaven, that durst
Thus set them ope.

Matthew

Steps to the Temple.

Matthew. 10.

*The blind cured by the word
of our Saviour.*

THou speak'st the word (thy word's a Law)
Thou spak'st and straight the blind man saw.

To speake and make the blind man see,
Was never man Lord spake like Thee.

To speake thus, was to speake (say I)
Not to his Eare, but to his Eye.

Matthew. 27.

And he answered them nothing.

OMighty *Nothing* ! unto thee,
Nothing, wee owe all things that bee.
God spake once when hee all things made,
Hee sav'd all when hee *Nothing* said.
The world was made of *Nothing* then ;
*Tis made by *Notbyng* now againe.

*To our Lord, upon the Water
made Wine.*

THou water turn'st to Wine (faire friend of Life)
Thy foe to crosse the sweet Arts of thy Reigne,
Distills from thence the Teares of wrath and strife,
And so turnes wine to Water backe againe.

Matthew.

Steps to the Temple.

Matthew. 22.

*Neither darst any man from that Day
aske him any more Questions.*

Midst all the darke and knotty Snares,
Blacke wit or malice can or dares,
Thy glorious wisdom breakes the Nets,
And treads with uncontrouled steps.
Thy quēd foes are not onely now
Thy triumphes, but thy Trophies too:
They, both at once thy Conquests bee,
And thy Conquests memorye.
Stony amazement makes them stand
Waiting on thy victorious hand,
Like statues fixed to the same
Of thy renoune, and their owne shame.
As if they onely meant to breath,
To bee the Life of their owne Death.
'Twas time to hold their Peace when they,
Had nere another word to say:
Yet is their silence unto thee,
The full sound of thy victory.
Their silence speakes aloud, and is.
Thy well pronounc'd *Panegyris*.
While they speake nothing, they speake all
Their share, in thy Memorials.
While they speake nothing, they proclaime
Thee, with the shrillest Trumpe of fame.
To hold their peace is all the waies,
These wretches haue to speake thy praise.

Steps to the Temple.

*Vpon our Saviours Tombe wherein
never man was laid.*

How Life and Death in Thee .

Agree ?

Thou had'st a virgin Wombe

And Tombe.

A Joseph did betroth

Them both.

*It is better to go into Heaven with
one eye, &c.*

ONe Eye ? a thousand rather, and a Thousand more
To fix those full-fact Glories, ô he's poore
Of Eyes that has but *Argus* store, (Thee,
Yet if thou'lt fill one poore Eye, with thy Heaven and
O grant (sweet Goodnesse) that one Eye may be
All, and every whit of me.

Luk. 11.

*Vpon the dumbe Devill cast out, and the
slanderous Jewes put to silence.*

TWo Devills at one blow thou hast laid flat,

A *speaking* Divell this, a *dumbe* one that.

Wa'st thy full victories fairer increase,

That th'one spake, or that th'other held his peace ?

Luke 10.

*And a certaine Priest comming that way
looked on him and passed by.*

Why dost Thou wound my wounds, ô Thou that passest
Handling & turning them with an unwounded eye (by
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwrack mine, for
Vnmov'd to see one wretched, is to make him so. (ô !

Luke. 11.

Steps to the Temple.

Luke 11.

Blessed be the paps which Thou hast sucked.

SVppose he had been Tabled at thy Teates,
Thy hunger feesles not what he eates;

Hee'l have his Teat e're long (a bloody one)

The Mother then must suck the Son.

*To Pontius washing his blood-
stained hands.*

S murther no sin? or a sin so cheape,

That thou need'st heape

A Rape upon't? till thy Adult'rous touch

Taught her these sullied cheeks this blubber'd face,

She was a Nimph, the meadowes knew none such,

Of honest Parentage of unstain'd Race,

The Daughter of a faire and well-fam'd Fountaine

As ever Silver-ript, the side of shady mountaine.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appeares

Nothing but Teares;

Each drop's a Teare that weeps for her own wast;

Harke how at every Touch she does complaine her;

Harke how she bids her frighted Drops make hast,

And with sad murmurs, chides the Hands that stain her.

Leave, leave, for shame, or else (Good judge) decree,

What water shal wash this, when this hath washed thee.

Matthew 23.

Yee build the Sepulchres of the Prophets.

THou tr'm'st a Prophets Tombe, and dost bequeath

The life thou took'st from him unto his Death.

Vaine man! the stones that on his Tombe doe lye,

Keepe but the score of them that made him dye.

Kpon

Vpon the Infant Martyrs.

TO see both blended in one flood
 The Mothers Milke, the Childrens blood,
 Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather,
 Roses hence, or Lillies rather.

Joh. 16.

*Verily I say unto you, yee shall weep
 and lament.*

WELCOME my Griefe, my Ioy; how deare's
 To me my Legacy of Teares!
 Ple weepe, and weepe, and will therefore
 Weepe, 'cause I can weepe no more:
 Thou, thou (Deare Lord) even thou alone,
 Giv'st joy, even when thou giv'st none.

Joh. 15.

*Vpon our Lords last comfortable discourse
 with his Disciples.*

ALL Hybla's honey, all that sweetnesse can
 Flowes in thy Song (ô faire, ô dying Swan!)
 Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
 It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

Luke 16. Dives asking a drop.

A Drop, one drop, how sweetly one faire drop
 Would tremble on my pearle-tipt fingers top?
 My wealth is gone, ô goe it where it will,
 Spare this one Jewell; Ple be Dives still.

Marke 12.

Marke 12.

(Give to Cæsar ----)

(And to God ----)

ALL we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
 Nor hath God a thinner share,
 What ever *Cæsar's* payments are;
 All is God's; and yet 'tis true
 All wee have is *Cæsar's* too;
 All is *Cæsar's*; and what ods
 So long as *Cæsar's* selfe is Gods?

But now they have seen, and hated.

SEENE and yet hated thee, they did not see,
 They saw Thee not, that saw and hated thee;
 No, no, they saw the not, O Life, O Love,
 Who saw ought in thee, that their hate could move.

*Vpon the Thornes taken downe from our
 Lords head bloody.*

(which yet
KNow' & thou this Souldier? 'tis a much chang'd plant,
 Thy selfe did'st set;
 'Tis chang'd indeed, did Autumn e're such beauties bring
 To shame his Spring?
 O! who so hard an husbandman could ever find
 A foyle so kind?
 Is not the soile a kind one (thinke ye) that returnes
 Roses for Thornes?

Luke 7.

Steps to the Temple.

Luc. 7.

*she began to wash his feet with teares and
wipe them with the haire of her head.*

Her eyes flood lickes his feet faire staïne,
Her haire flame lickes up that againe.
This flame thus quench't hath brighter beames:
This flood thus stained fairer streames.

On St. Peter cutting of Malchus his eare.

Well Peter dost thou wield thy active sword,
Well for thy selfe (I meane) not for thy Lord.
To strike at eares, is to take heed there bee
No witness Peter of thy perjury.

Joh. 3.

But men loved darknesse rather then Light.

The worlds light shines, shine as it will,
The world will love its Darknesse still:
I doubt though when the World's in Hell,
It will not love its Darknesse halfe so well.

A&. 21.

I am ready not onely to be bound but to dye.

Come death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my eares,
At those hard words mans cowardise calls feares.
Save those of feare, no other bands feare I;
Nor other death then this; the feare to dye.

*On St. Peter casting away his Nets
at our Saviours call.*

Thou hast the art on't Peter; and canst tell
To cast thy Nets on all occasions well.

When

Steps to the Temple.

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When Christ calls, and thy Nets would have thee sit
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Our Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.

TO thee these first fruits of my growing death
(For what else is my life ?) lo I bequeath.
Tast this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a Sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy wrath that wades heere now, e're long shall swim
The flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drinke, and drinke, and doe his worst,
To drowne the wantonnesse of his wild thirst.
No'ws but the Nonage of my paines, my feares
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to yeares.
The day of my darke woes is yet but morne,
My teares but tender and my death new-borne.
Yet may these unfledg'd griefes give fate some guesse,
These Cradle-torments have their towardnesse.
These purple buds of blooming death may bee,
Erst the full stature of a fatall tree.
And till my riper woes to age are come,
This knife may be the speares *Preludium*.

On the wounds of our crucified Lord.

O These wakefull wounds of thine !
Are they Mouthes ? or are they eyes ?
Be they Mouthes , or be they eyne,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo ! a mouth, whose full-bloom'd lips
At two deare a rate are roses.
Lo ! a blood-shot eye ! that weepes
And many a cruell teare discloses.

Steps to the Temple.

O thou that on this foot hast laid
 Many a kisse, and many a Teare,
 Now thou shalt have all repaid,
 What soe're thy charges were.

This foot hath got a Mouth and lippes,
 To pay the sweet summe of thy kisses;
 To pay thy Teares, an Eye that weeps
 In stead of Teares such Gems as this is.

The difference onely this appeares,
 (Nor can the change offend)
 The debt is paid in *Ruby*-Teares,
 Which thou in Pearles did'st lend.

*On our crucified Lord Naked,
 and bloody.*

Th' have left thee naked Lord, O that they had;
 This Garment too I would they had deny'd.
 Thee with thy selfe they have too richly clad,
 Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side.
 O never could bee found Garments too good
 For thee to weare, but these, of thine owne blood.

Easter day.

Rise, Heire of fresh Eternity,
 From thy Virgin Tombe:
 Rise mighty man of wonders, and thy world with thee
 Thy Tombe, the universall East,
 Natures new wombe,
 Thy Tombe, faire Immortalities perfumed Nest,

Stepsto the Temple.

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Of all the Glories Make Noone gay
This is the Morne. (Day.
This rocke buds forth the fountaine of the streames of
In joyes white Annals live this houre,
When life was borne,
No cloud scoule on his radiant lids no tempest lowre.
Life, by this light's Nativity
All creatures have. (Dye;
Death onely by this Dayes just Doome is forc't to
Nor is Death forc't ; for may hee ly
Thron'd in thy Grave;
Death will on this condition be content to Dy.

On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord

I Esu, no more, it is full tide
From thy hands and from thy feet,
From thy head, and from thy side,
All thy *Purple Rivers* meet.

Thy restlesse feet they cannot goe,
For us and our eternall good
As they are wont ; what though ?
They swim, alas ! in their owne flood.

Thy hand to give thou canst not lift ;
Yet will thy hand still giving bee;
It gives, but δ it self's the Guift,
It drops though bound, though bound 'tis free.

But δ thy side ! thy deepe dig'd side
That hath a double *Nilus* going,
Nor ever was the *Pharian* tide
Halfe so fruitfull, halfe so flowing.

What

Steps to the Temple.

What need thy faire head beare a part
 In Teares? as if thine eyes had none?
 What need they helpe to drowne thine heart,
 That strives in Torrents of its owne?

Water'd by the showres they bring,
 The thornes that thy blest browes encloses
 (A cruell and a costly spring)
 Conceive proud hopes of proving Roses.

Not a haire but payes his River;
 To this Red Sea of thy blood,
 Their little channels can deliver
 Something to the generall flood.

But while I speake, whither are run
 All the Rivers nam'd before?
 I counted wrong; there is but one,
 But ô that one is one all'ore.

Raine-twolne Rivers may rise proud
 Threatning all to overflow,
 But when indeed all's overflow'd
 They themselves are drowned too.

This thy Bloods deluge (a dire chance
 Deare Lord to thee) to us is found
 A deluge of deliverance,
 A deluge least we should be drown'd.

Nere was't thou in a fence so sadly true,
 The well of living Waters, Lord, till now.

Sampson to his Dalilah.

Could not once blinding me, cruell, suffice?
 When first I look't on thee, I lost mine eyes.

Psalme 23.

H Appy me ! ô happy sheepe !
 Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe ;
 Even my God, even he it is
 That points me to these wayes of blisse ;
 One whose pastures cheerefull spring,
 All the yeare doth sit and sing,
 And rejoycing smiles to see
 Their greene backs were his liverie :
 Pleasure sings my soule to rest,
 Plenty weares me at her brest,
 Whose sweet temper teaches me
 Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
 At my feet the blubb'ring Mountaine
 Weeping, melts into a Fountaine,
 Whose soft silver-sweating streames
 Make high Noone forget his beames :
 When my waiward breath is flying,
 Hee calls home my soule from dying,
 Strokes and tames my rabid Griefe,
 And does woe me into life :
 When my simple weaknesse strays,
 (Tangled in forbidden wayes)
 Hee (my Shepheard) is my Guide,
 Hee's before me, on my side,
 And behind me, he beguiles
 Craft in all her knotty wiles :
 Hee expounds the giddy wonder
 Of my weary steps, and under
 Spreads a Path cleare as the Day,
 Where no churlish rub saies nay
 To my joy-conducted Feet,
 Whil'st they Gladly goe to meet

Grace and peace, to meet new laies
 Tun'd to my great Shepheards praise.
 Come now all yoe terrors, fally
 Muster forth into the valley,
 Where triumphant darknesse hovers
 With a sable wing, that covers
 Brooding Horror. Come thou Death,
 Let the damps of thy dull Breath
 Overshadow even the shade,
 And make darknesse selfe afraid;
 There my feet, even there shall find
 Way for a resolved mind.
 Still my Shepheard, still my God
 Thou art with me, Still thy rod,
 And thy staffe, whose influence
 Gives direction, gives defence.
 At the whisper of thy Word
 Crown'd abundance I spreads my Bord:
 While I feast, my foes doe feed
 Their rank malice not their need,
 So that with the self-same bread
 They are starv'd, and I am fed.
 How my head in ointment swims!
 How my cup orelooks her Brims!
 So, even so still may I move
 By the Line of thy deare Love;
 Still may thy sweet mercy spread
 A shady Arme above my head,
 About my Paths, so shall I find
 The faire Center of my mind
 Thy Temple, and those lovely walls
 Bright ever with a beame that falls
 Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
 Lighting to Eternity.
 There I'll dwell for ever, there
 Will I find a purer aire

Steps to the Temple.

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To feed my Life with, there I'll sup
Balme and Nectar in my Cup,
And thence my ripe soule will I breath
Warme into the Armes of Death.

Psalme 137.

ON the proud bankes of great Euphrates flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our Harpes that now no Musicke understood,
Nodding on the Willowes slept,
While unhappy captiv'd wee
Lovely Sion thought on thee.

They, they that snatcht us from our Countries breast
Would have a Song carv'd to their Eares
In Hebrew numbers, then (ô cruell jest!)
When Harpes and hearts were drown'd in Teares;
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
On of Sions songs to day.

Sing? play? to-whom (ah) shall we sing or play,
If not *Jerusalem* to thee?
Ah thee *Jerusalem*! ah sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of Musicks dainty touch, then I
The Musicke of thy memory.

Which when I lose, ô may at once my Tongue
Lose this same busie speaking art
Vnparcht, her vocall Arteries unstung,
No more acquainted with my Heart,
On my dry pallats roofo to rest
A wither'd Lease, an idle Guest.

Steps to the Temple.

No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crowne
 The head of all my hope-nurst joyes.
 But *Edom* cruell thou ! thou cryd'st ddowne, downe
 Sinke Sion, downe and never rise,
 Her falling thou did'st urge and thrust,
 And haste to dash her into dust.

Dost laugh ? proud *Babels* Daughter ! do, laugh on,
 Till thy ruine teach thee Teares,
 Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
 Of woes, too late doe rouze thy feares.
 Laugh, till thy childrens bleeding bones
 Weepe pretious Teares upon the stones.

*A Hymne of the Nativity, sung by
 the Shepheards.*

Chorus. Come wee Shepheards who have seene
 Dayes King deposed by Nights Queene,
 Come lift we up our lofty song,
 To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.
 Hee in this our generall joy,
 Slept, and dreamt of no such thing
 While we found out the fair-ey'd Boy,
 And kist the Cradle of our King;
 Tell him hee rises now too late,
 To shew us ought worth looking at.
 Tell him wee now can shew him more
 Then hee e're shewd to mortall sight,
 Then hee himselfe e're saw before,
 Which to be seene needs not his light :
 Tell him *Ticynus* where th'ha'st been,
 Tell him *Thyriss* what th'ha'st seen.

Gloomy

Steps to the Temple.

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Tytirus. Gloomy Night embrac't the place
Where the noble Infant lay:
The Babe lookt up, and shew'd his face,
In sight of Darknesse it was Day.
It was thy Day, Sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from thy eyes.

Thyrsis. Winter chid the world, and sent
The angry North to wage his warres:
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes, in stead of scarres:
By those sweet Eyes persuasive Powers,
Where he meant frosts, he scattered Flowers.

Eph. We saw thee in thy Balmy Nest,
Bright Dawne of our *Eternall* Day;
Wee saw thine Eyes-break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away:
Wee saw thee (and wee blest the sight)
Wee saw thee by thine owne sweet Light.

Tytirus. I saw the cur'd drops, soft and slow
Come hovering o're the places head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the faire Infants Bed.
Forbeare (said I) be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrsis. I saw th'officious Angels bring,
The downe that their soft breasts did strow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
When Heaven it selfe lyes here below.
Faire Youth (said I) be not too rough,
Thy Downe though soft's not soft enough.

Steps to the Temple.

Tityrus. The Babe no sooner 'gan to seeke,
Where to lay his lovely head,
But streight his eyes advis'd his Cheeke,
'Twixt Mothers Breasts to goe to bed,
Sweet choise (said I) no way but so,
Not to lye cold, yet sleepe in snow.

All. Welcome to our wondring sight
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in Winter! Day in Night!

Chorus. Heaven in Earth! and God in Man!
Great litle one, whose glorious Birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops heaven to earth,

Welcome, though not to Gold, nor Silke,
To more then *Cesars* Birthright is.
Two sister-Seas of virgins Milke,
With many a rarely-temper'd kisse,
That breathes at once both Maid and Mother,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.

Shee sings thy Teares asleepe, and dips
Her Kisses in thy weeping Eye,
Shee spreads the red leaves of thy Lips,
That in their Buds yet blushing lye.
Shee 'gainst those Mother-Diamonds tryes
The points of her young Eagles Eyes.

Welcome, (though not to those gay flyes
Guiled ith' Beames of Earthly Kings
Slippery foules in smiling eyes)
But to poore Shepheards, simple things,
That use no varnish, no oyl'd Arts,
But list clean hands full of cleare hearts.

Steps to the Temple.

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Yet when young *Aprils* husband showres,
Shall blesse the fruitfull *Maia's* Bed,
Wee'l bring the first-borne of her flowers,
To kisse thy feet, and crowne thy head.
To thee (Dread Lambe) whose Love must keepe
The Shepheards, while they feed their sheepe.

To thee meeke Majesty, soft King
Of simple Graces, and sweet Loves,
Each of us his Lamb will bring,
Each his payre of silver Doves,
At last, in fire of thy faire Eyes,
Wee'l burne, our owne best sacrifice.

Vpon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAithlesse and fond Mortality,
Who will ever credit thee ?
Fond and faithlesse thing ! that thus,
In our best hopes beguilest us.
What a reckoning hast thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid ?
For Life by volumes lengthened,
A Line or two, to speake him dead.
For the Laurell in his verse,
The fullen Cypresse o're his Herse.
For a silver-crowned Head,
A durty pillow in Death's Bed.
For so deare, so deep a trust,
Sad requitall, thus much dust !
Now though the blow that snatcht him hence,
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,
Though shee be dumbe e're since his Death,
Not us'd to speake but in his Breath,

Yet if at least shee not denyes,
 The sad language of our eyes,
 Wee are contented : for then this
 Language none more fluent is.
 Nothing speaks our Griefe so well,
 As to speake Nothing, Come then tell
 Thy mind in Teares who e're Thou be,
 That ow'st a Name to misery.
 Eyes are vocall, Teares have Tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs ;
 Sententious showers, ô let them fall,
 Their cadence is Rhetoricall.
 Here's a Theame will drinke th'expende,
 Of all thy watry Eloquence,
 Weepe then, onely be exprest
 Thus much, *Hee's Dead*, and weepe the rest.

Vpon the Death of Mr. Herry.

A Plant of noble stemme, forward and faire,
 As ever whisper'd to the Morning Aire
 Thriv'd in these haphy Grounds, the Earth's just pride,
 Whose rising Glories made such haste to hide
 His head in Cloudes, as if in him alone
 Impatient Nature had taught motion
 To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon Maturity.
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade,
 The Sunne himselfe oft wisht to sit, and made
 The Morning Muses perch like Birds, and sing
 Among his Branches : yea, and vow'd to bring
 His owne delicious Phoenix from the blest
Arabia, there to build her Virgin nest,
 To hatch her selfe in, 'mongst his leaves the Day
 Fresh from the Rosie East rejoyc't to play.

To them shee gave the first and fairest Beame
 That waited on her Birth: she gave to them
 The purest Pearles, that wept her Evening Death,
 The balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a Breath
 By often kissing them, and now begun
 Glad Time to ripen expectation.
 The timorous Maiden-Blossomes on each Bough,
 Peept forth from their first blushes: so that now
 A Thousand ruddy hopes sinil'd in each Bud,
 And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
 Fixt in Delight, as if already there
 Those rare fruits dangled, whence the Golden Yeare
 His crowne expected, when (O Fate, O Time
 That seldome lett'st a blushing youthfull Prime
 Hide his hot Beames in shade of silver Age;
 So rare is hoary vertue) the dire rage
 Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore;
 Ravisht the Maiden Blossoms, and downe bore
 The trunke. Yet in this Ground his pretious Root
 Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out
 Into Eternity, and circular joyes
 Dance in an endlesse round, againe shall rise
 The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring,
 To be a shade for Angels while they sing,
 Meane while who e're thou art that restest here,
 O doe thou water it with one kind Teare.

*Vpon the Death of the most desired
 Mr. Herry.*

DEath, what dost thou hold thy Blow,
 What thou dost, thou dost not know.
 Death thou must not here be cruell,
 This is Natures choycest Jewell.

This is hee in whose rare frame,
 Nature labour'd for a Name,
 And meant to leave his pretious feature,
 The patterne of a perfect Creature.
 Joy of Goodnesse, Love of Art,
 Vertue weares him next her heart.
 Him the Muses love to follow,
 Whom they call their vice-Apollo.
 Apollo golden though thou bee,
 Th'art not fairer then is hee.
 Nor more lovely list'ft thy head,
 Blushing from thine Easterne Bed.
 The Glories of thy Youth ne're knew,
 Brighter hopes then he can shew.
 Why then should it e're be scene,
 That his should fade, while thine is Greene,
 And wilt Thou, (ô cruell boast!)
 Put poore Nature to such cost,
 O'twill undoe our common Mother,
 To be at charge of such another.
 What? thinke we to no other end,
 Gracious Heavens douse to send
 Earth her best perfection,
 But to vanish and be gone?
 Therefore onely give to day,
 To morrow to be snarcht away.
 I've seen indeed the hopefull bud,
 Of a ruddy Rose that stood
 Blushing, to behold the Ray
 Of the new-saluted Day;
 (His tender toppe not fully spread)
 The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
 Invited him no more to hide.
 Within himselfe the purple pride
 Of his forward flower, when lo
 While he sweetly 'gan to show

His swelling Glories, *Auster* spide him,
 Cruell *Auster* thither hy'd him,
 And with the rush of one rude blast,
 Sham'd not spitefully to wast
 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
 And lay them trembling at his feet.
 I've seene the Mornings lovely Ray,
 Hover o're the new-borne Day :
 With rosie wings so richly Bright,
 As if he scorn'd to thinke of Night,
 When a ruddy storme whose scoule,
 Made Heavens radiant face looke foule ;
 Call'd for an untimely Night,
 To blot the newly blossom'd Light.
 But were the Roses blush so rare,
 Were the Mornings smile so faire
 As is he, nor cloud, nor wind
 But would be courteous, would be kind.
 Spare him Death, ô spare him then,
 Spare the sweetest among men.
 Let not pittie with her Teares,
 Keepe such distance from thine Eares,
 But ô thou wilt not, canst not spare,
 Hast hath never time to heare.
 Therefore if hee needs must go,
 And the Fates will have it so,
 Softly may he be possèst,
 Of his monumentall rest.
 Safe, thou darke home of the dead,
 Safe ô hide his loved head.
 For Pitties sake ô hide him quite,
 From his Mother Natures sight :
 Lest for Griefe his losse may move,
 All her Births abortive prove.

Another

Another.

If ever Pitty were acquainted
 With sterne Death, if e're he fainted,
 Or forgot the cruell vigour,
 Of an Adamantine rigour,
 Here, & here we should have knowne it;
 Here or no where hee'd have showne it.
 For hee whose pretious memory,
 Bathes in Teares of every eye:
 Hee to whom our sorrow brings,
 All the streames of all her springs:
 Was so rich in Grace and Nature,
 In all the gifts that blesse a Creature:
 The fresh hopes of his lovely Youth,
 Flourisht in so faire a growth.
 So sweet the Temple was, that shrin'd
 The Sacred sweetnesse of his mind.
 That could the Fates know to relent?
 Could they know what mercy meant;
 Or had ever learnt to beare,
 The soft tincture of a Teare:
 Teares would now have flow'd so deepe,
 As might have taught Griefe how to weepe:
 Now all their steely operation,
 Would quite have lost the cruell fashion.
 Sicknesse would have gladly been,
 Sick himselfe to have sav'd him:
 And his Feaver wish'd to prove
 Burning, onely in his Love.
 Him when wrath it selfe had seene,
 Wrath its selfe had lost his spleene.
 Grim Destruction here amaz'd,
 In stead of striking would have gaz'd.

Even

Even the Iron-pointed pen,
 That notes the Tragick Doomes of men
 Wet with teares still'd from the eyes,
 Of the flinty Destinies ;
 Would have learn't a softer style,
 And have been asham'd to spoyle
 His lives sweet story, by the hast,
 Of a cruell stop ill plac't.
 In the darke volume of our fate,
 Whence each lease of Life hath date,
 Where in sad particulars,
 The totall summe of Man appeares.
 And the short clause of mortall Breath,
 Bound in the period of Death,
 In all the Booke if any where
 Such a tearme as this, *spare here*
 Could have been found 'twould have been read,
 Writ in white Letters o're his head ;
 Or close unto his name annex,
 The faire glosse of a fairer Text.
 In briebe, if any one were free,
 Hee was that one, and onely he.
 But he, alas ! even hee is dead
 And our hopes faire harvest spread
 In the dust. Pitty now spend
 All the teares that grieve can lend.
 Sad mortality may hide,
 In his ashes all her pride ;
 With this inscription o're his head
 | *All hope of never dying, here lyes dead*

His Epitaph.

PAssenger who e're thou art,
 Stay a while, and let thy Heart
 Take acquaintance of this stone,
 Before thou passest further on.
 This stone will tell thee that beneath,
 Is entomb'd the Crime of Death;
 The ripe endowments of whose mind,
 Left his Yeares so much behind,
 That numbring of his vertues praise,
 Death lost the reckoning of his Dayes;
 And believing what they told,
 Imagin'd him exceeding old.
 In him perfection did set forth,
 The strength of her united worth.
 Him his wisdomes pregnant growth
 Made so reverend, even in Youth,
 That in the Center of his Brest
 (Sweet as is the Phœnix nest)
 Every reconciled Grace,
 Had their Generall meeting place
 In him Goodnesse joy'd to see
 Learning, learne Humility.
 The splendor of his Birth and Blood,
 Was but the Glosse of his owne Good:
 The flourish of his sober Youth,
 Was the Pride of Naked Truth.
 In composure of his face,
 Liv'd a faire, but manly Grace.
 His Mouth was Rhetoricks best mold,
 His Tongue the Touchstone of her Gold.
 What word so e're his Breath kept warme,
 Was no word now but a charme.

Steps to the Temple.

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For all persuasive Graces thence
Suck't their sweetest Influence.
His vertue that within had root,
Could not chuse but shine without.
And th'heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his wayes,
Circled round in his owne Rayes:
That to his sweetnesse, all mens eyes
Were vow'd Loves flaming Sacrifice.

Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherisht in his Golden Prime;
E're Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheekes, with a downy shade;
The rush of Death's unruly wave,
Swept him off into his Grave.

Enough, now (if thou canst) passe on,
For now (alas) not in this stone
(Passenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart.

An Epitaph

*Vpon Husband and Wife, which died, and
were buried together.*

TO these, Whom Death again did wed,
This Grave's the second Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt Soule and body a Divorce:
It could not sever Man and Wife,
Because they both liv'd but one Life.

Peace,

Peace, good Reader, doe not weepe ;
 Peace, the Lovers are asleepe :
 They (sweet Turtles) folded lye,
 In the last knot that love could tye:
 Let them sleepe, let them sleepe on,
 Till this stormy night be gone.
 And th' eternall morrow dawne,
 Then the Curtaines will bee drawne,
 And they waken with that Light,
 Whose day shall never sleepe in Night.

An Epitaph.

Vpon Doctor Brooke.

A Brooke whose streame so great, so good,
 Was lov'd was honour'd as a flood :
 Whose Bankes the Muses dwelt upon,
 More then their owne Helicon ;
 Here at length, hath gladly found
 A quiet passage under ground ;
 Meane while his loved bankes now dry,
 The Muses with their teares supply.

Vpon Mr. Staninough's Death.

Deare reliques of a dislodg'd soule, whose lacke
 Makes many a mourning Paper put on blacke ;
 O stay a while ere thou draw in thy Head,
 And wind thy selfe up close in thy cold Bed :
 Stay but a little while, untill I call
 A summons, worthy of thy Funerall.
 Come then youth, Beauty, and Blood, all ye soft pow-
 Whole silken flatteryes swell a few fond houres.

Into

Into a false Eternity, come man,
 (Hyperbolized nothing!) know thy span.
 Take thine owne measure here, downe, downe, and bow
 Before thy selfe in thy Idæa, thou
 Huge emptinesse contract thy bulke, and shrinke
 All thy wild Circle to a point! *Lo* sinke
 Lower, and lower yet; till thy small size,
 Call Heaven to looke on thee with narrow eyes;
 Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin
 To show a face, fit to confesse thy kin
 Thy neighbour-hood to nothing! here put on
 Thy selfe in this unfeign'd reflection;
 Here gallant Ladyes, this unpartiall glasse
 (Through all your painting) shoves you your own face;
 These Death-scal'd Lipps are they dare give the lye,
 To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.
 These curtain'd windowes, this selfe-prison'd eye,
 Out-stares the Liddes of large-look't Tyranny.
 This posture is the brave one: this that lyes
 Thus low stands up (me thinkes) thus, and defyes
 The world — All daring Dust and Ashes, onely you
 Of all interpreters read nature true..

*Vpon the Duke of Yorke his Birth
 A Panegyricke.*

BRittaine, the mighty Oceans lovely Bride,
 Now stretch thy self (faire Ile) and grow, spread wide
 Thy bosome and make roome; Thou art oppress'd
 With thine owne Gloryes: and art strangely blest
 Beyond thy selfe: for lo! the Gods, the Gods
 Come fast upon thee, and those glorious ods,
 Swell thy full gloryes to a pitch so high,
 As sits above thy best capacitye.

And

Steps to the Temple.

Are they not ods ? and glorious ? that to thee
 Those mighty *Genii* throng, which well might bee
 Each one an Ages labour, that thy dayes
 Are guilded with the Vnion of those Rayes,
 Whose each divided Beame would be a Sun,
 To glad the Spheare of any Nation.
 O if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
 Th'ast need ô *Brittaine* to be truly Great.
 And so thou art, their presence makes thee so,
 They are thy Greatnesse; Gods where e're they go
 Bring their Heaven with them, their great footsteps
 An everlasting smile upon the face, (place
 Of the glad Earth they tread on, while with thee
 Those Beames that ampliate Mortalitie,
 And teach it to expariate, and swell
 To Majesty, and fulnesse deigne to dwell.
 Thou by thy selfe maist sit, (blest Isle) and see
 How thy Great Mother Nature doats on thee:
 Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
 And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a world.

Great *Charles* ! thou sweet Dawne of a glorious day,
 Center of those thy Grandfires, shall I say
Henry and *James*, or *Mars* and *Phœbus* rather ?
 If this were Wildomes God, that Wars sterne father,
 'Tis but the same is said, *Henry* and *James*
 Are *Mars* and *Phœbus* under divers Names.
 O thou full mixture of those mighty soules,
 Whose vast intelligences tun'd the Poles
 Of Peace and Warre ; Thou for whose manly brow
 Both Lawrels twine into one wreath, and woove
 To be thy Garland : see (sweet Prince) ô see
 Thou and the lovely hopes that smile in thee
 Are ta'ne out and transcrib'd by thy Great Mother,
 See, see thy reall shadow, see thy Brother,
 Thy little selfe in lesse, read in these Eyne
 The beames that dance in those full starres of thine.

From

Steps to the Temple.

43

From the same snowy Alabaster Rocke
These hands and thine were hew'n, these Cherrimock
The Corall of thy lips. Thou art of all
This well-wrought Copy the faire Principall.

Iustly, Great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell
How even th'ast drawne this faithfull Paralell,
And matcht thy Master-Peece : ô then go on
Make such another sweet comparifon.
See'st thou that *May* there ? ô teach her Mother
To shew her to her selfe in such another :
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
Alone, light such another starre, and twine
Their Rosie Beames, so that the Morne for one
Venus, may have a Constellation.

So have I seene (to dresse their Mistresse *May*)
Two silken sister flowers consult, and lay
Their bashfull cheekes together, newly they
Peep't from their buds, shew'd like the Gardens eyes
Scarce wakt : like was the Crimfon of their joyes,
Like were the Pearles they wept, so like that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflection.

But stay, what glimpse was that ? why blusht the day ?
Why ran the started aire trembling away ?
Who's this that comes circled in rayes, that scorne
Acquaintance with the Sunne ? what second Morne
At mid-day opes a presence which Heavens eye
Stands off and points at ? is't some Deity
Stept from her Throne of starres deignes to be seene ?
Is it some Deity ? or is't our Queene ?
'Tis shee, 'tis shee : her awfull Beauties chase
The Dayes abashed Glories, and in face
Of Noone weare their owne Sunshine, ô thou bright
Mistresse of wonders ! *Cynthia's* is the Night,
But thou at Noone dost shine, and art all Day,
(Nor does the Sunne deny't) our *Cynthia*,

Illustrious

Illustrious sweetnesse ! In thy faithfull wombe,
 That Nest of *Heroes*, all our hopes finde roome.
 Thou art the Mother *Phenix*, and thy Breast
 Chast as that Virgin honour of the East,
 But much more fruitfull is ; nor does, as shee,
 Deny to mighty Eove a Deity.

Then let the Easterne world bragge and be proud
 Of one coy *Phenix*, while we have a brood
 A brood of *Phenices* ; while we have Brother
 And Sister *Phenices*, and still the Mother ;
 And may we long ; long may 'st thou live, t'encrease
 The house and family of *Phenices*.

Nor may the light that gives their Eye-lids light,
 E're prove the dismall Morning of thy Night :
 Ne're may a Birth of thine be bought so deare,
 To make his costly cradle of thy Beere.

O mayst thou thus make all the yeare thine owne,
 And see such Names of joy sit white upon
 The brow of every Moneth ; and when that's done
 Mayest in a son of his find every son
 Repeated, and that son still in another,
 And so in each child often prove a Mother :

Long mayest thou laden with such clusters leane
 Vpon thy Royall Elme (faire Vine) and when
 The Heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory
 And Name dwell sweet in some eternall story.

Pardon (bright excellence) an untun'd string,
 That in thy Eares thus keeps a murmuring
 O speake a lowly Muses pardon ; speake
 Her pardon or her sentence ; onely breake
 Thy silence ; speake ; and she shall take from thence
 Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence
 Confessing thee : or (if too long I stay)

O speake thou and my Pipe hath nought to say :
 For see *Appollo* all this while stands mute,
 Expecting by thy voyce to tune his Lute.

But Gods are gracious : and their Altars, make
 Pretious their offerings that their Altars take.
 Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes.
 This rurall wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

Vpon Ford's two Tragedyes

Loves Sacrifice

and

The Broken Heart.

THou cheat'st us *Ford*, mak'st one leedne two by Art.
 What is *Loves Sacrifice*, but the broken Heart ?

*On a foule Morning, being then to
 take a journey.*

WHere art thou *Sol*, while thus the blind-fold Day
 Staggers out of the East, looses her way

Stumbling on Night ? Rouze thee *Illustrious Youth*,

And let no dull mists choake the Lights faire growth.

Point here thy Beames ; o' glance on yonder flockes,

And make their fleeces Golden as thy lockes.

Unfold thy faire-front, and there shall appeare

Full glory, flaming in her owne free spheare.

Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile

The face of things, an universall smile.

Say to the Sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her ;

And wilt command proud *Zephrus* to sport her

With wanton gales : his balmy breath shall lick

The tender drops which tremble on her cheekes ;

Which rarified, and in a gentle raine

On those delicious bankes distill'd againe

Shall rise in a sweet Harvest ; which discloses

To every blushing Bed of new-borne Roses.

Hee'l

Hee'l fan her bright locks reaching them to flow,
 And friske in curl'd *Meanders*: Hee will throw
 A fragrant Breath suckt from the spicy nest
 O'th preticus *Phoenix*, warme upon her Breast.
 Hee with a dainty and soft hand, will trim
 And brush her Azure Mantle, which shall swim
 In silken Volumes, wherefoe're shee'l tread,
 Bright clouds like Golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then (faire blew-ey'd Maid) rise and discover
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy Golden lover.
 See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight
 Into thy Bosome, bath'd with liquid Light.
 Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
 Taint not the pure streames of the springing Day,
 With your dull influence, it is for you,
 To sit and seoule upon Nights heavy brow;
 Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne,
 Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are worne,
 Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay;
 Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day.

*Vpon the faire Ethiopian sent to
 a Gentlewoman.*

LO here the faire *Charicia*! in whom strove
 So false a Fortune, and so true a Love,
 Now after all her toyles by Sea and Land,
 O may she but arrive at your white hand.
 Her hopes are crown'd, only she feares that than,
 Shee shall appeare true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I Would be married, but I'de have no Wife,
 I would be married to a single Life.

To the Morning. *Like Keats.*
Satisfaction for sleepe.

What succour can I hope the Muse will send
 Whole drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses friend?
 What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,
 Unless the Muse sing my Apology?
 O in that morning of my shame! when I
 Lay folded up in sleepes captivity;
 How at the sight did'st Thou draw back thine Eyes,
 Into thy modest veyle? how did'st thou rite
 Twice di'd in thine owne blushes, and did'st run
 To draw the Curtaines, and awake the Sun?
 Who rowzing his illustrious tresses came,
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
 His head in thy faire Bosome, and still hides
 Mee from his Patronage; I pray, he chides:
 And pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take
 My owne *Apollo*, try if I can make
 His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*: and see
 If *Morpheus* have a Muse to wait on mee.
 Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,
 No nimble raptures, starts to Heaven and brings
 Enthusiastick flames, such as can give
 Marrow to my plump *Genius*, make it live
 Dreft in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,
 Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse

Her

Her starry Throne ; whose holy heats can warme
 The Grave, and hold up an exalted arme
 To lift me from my lazy Vrne, to climbe
 Vpon the stooped shoulders of old Time ;
 And trace Eternity --- But all is dead,
 All these delicious hopes are buried,
 In the deepe wrinkles of his angry brow,
 Where mercy cannot find them : but ô thou
 Bright Lady of the Morne, pittie doth lye
 So warme in thy soft Brest it cannot dye.
 Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise
 O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,
 And stroake his radiant Cheekes ; one timely kisse
 Will kill his anger, and rev.ve my blisse.

So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
 Thrice will I pay three Teares, to show how true
 My grieve is ; to my wakefull lay shall knocke
 At th' Orientall Gates ; and duly mocke
 The early Larkes shrill Orizons to be
 An Anthem at the Dayes Nativitie.

And the same rose-fingerd hand of thine,
 That shuts Nights dying eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint God of sleepe, forget that I
 Was ever knowne to be thy votery.

No more my pillow shall thine Altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee

My selfe a melting sacrifice ; I'me borne

Againe a fresh Child of the Buxome Morne,

Heire of the Suns first Beames ; why threat'st thou so ?

Why dost thou shake thy leaden Scepter ? goe,

Bestow thy Poppy upon wakefull woe,

Sicknesse, and sorrow, whose pale lidds ne're know

Thy downy finger, dwell upon their Eyes,

Shut in their Teares ; Shut out their miseryes

very pretty
Loves Horoscope.

Love, brave vertues younger Brother,
 Erst hath made my Heart a Mother,
 Shee consults the conscious Spheares,
 To calculate her young sons yeares.
 Shee asks if sad, or saving powers,
 Gave Omen to his infant howers,
 Shee asks each starre that then stood by,
 If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah my Heart, is that the way?
 Are these the Beames that rule thy Day?
 Thou know'st a Face in whose each looke,
 Beauty layes ope loves Fortune-booke,
 On whose faire revolutions wait
 The obsequious motions of Loves fate,
 Ah my Heart, her eyes and shee,
 Have taught thee new Astrology.
 How e're Loves native houres were set,
 What ever starry Synod met,
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
 If poore Loe shall live or dye,

If those sharpe Rayes putting on
 Points of Death bid Love be gone
 (Though the Heavens in counsell fate,
 To crowne an uncontrouled Fate,
 Though their best Aspects twin'd upon
 The kindest Constellation,
 Cast amorous glances on h's Birth,
 And whisper'd the confederate Earth

Steps to the Temple.

To pave his pathes with all the good
 That warms the Bed of youth and blood
 Love ha's no plea against her eye
 Beauty frownes, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move ;
 And guild the hopes of humble Love :
 (Though heavens inauspicious eye
 Lay blacke on loves Nativitye ;
 Though every Diamond in Loves crowne
 Fixt his forehead to a frowne,)
 Her Eye a strong appeale can give,
 Beauty smiles and love shall live.

● if Love shall live, o where
 But in her Eye, or in her Eare,
 In her Brest, or in her Breath,
 Shall I hide poore Love from Death ?
 For in the life ought else can give,
 Love shall dye although he live.

Or if Love shall dye, o where,
 But in her Eye, or in her Eare,
 In her Breath, or in her Breast,
 Shall I Build his funerall Nest ?
 While Love shall thus entombed lye,
 Love shall live, although he dye.



Sospetto d' Herode. Libro Primo.

Argomento.

*Casting the times with their strong signes,
Death's Master his owne death divines.
Strugling for helpe, his best hope is
Hero'ds suspicion may heale his.
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,
The sleeping Tyrant's fond mistake;
Who feares (in vaine) that he whose Birth
Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth.*

1

MVse, now the servant of soft Loves no more,
Hate is thy Theame, and Herod, whole unblest
Hand (ô what dares not jealous Greatnesse ?) tore
A thousand sweet Babes from their Mothers Brest:
The Bloomes of Martyrdome. O be a Dore
Of language to my infant Lips, yee best
Of Confessours: whose Throates answering his swords,
Gave forth your Blood for breath, spoke soules for
(words.

2

Great Anthony! Spains well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of Emperours and Kings,
The Beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide,
Which With the Sun himselfe weigh's equall wings.

D 2

Mappe

Steps to the Temple.

Mappe of Heroick worth ! whom farre and wide
 To the beleeving world Fame boldly sings : (bowes,
 Deigne thou to weare this humble Wreath that
 To be the sacred Honour of thy Browes.

3.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright Flowers
 Other then what their owne blest beauties bring.
 They were the smiling sons of those sweet Bowers,
 That drinke the deaw of Life, whose deathlesse spring,
 Nor *Sirian* flame, nor *Borean* frost deflowers :
 From whence Heav'n-labouring Bees with busie wing,
 Suck hidden sweets, which well digested proves
 Immortall Hony for the Hive of Loves.

4.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,
 Holds high the reine of faire *Parthenope*,
 That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth
 A Name in noble deedes Rivall to thee !
 Thy Fames full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,
 Farre more then matter for my Muse and mee.
 The *Tyrrhene* Seas, and shores sound all the same,
 And in their murmures keepe thy mighty Name.

5.

Below the Botome of the great Abyffe,
 There where one Center reconciles all things ;
 The worlds profound Heart pants ; There placed is
 Mischifes old Master, close about him clings
 A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kisse
 His correspondent cheekes : these loathsome strings
 Hold the perverse Prince in eternall Ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies,

6.The

6.

The Iudge of Torments, and the King of Teares :
 Hee fills a burnisht Throne of quenchlesse fire :
 And for his old faire Roabes of Light, hee weares
 A gloomy Mantle of darke flames, the Tire
 That crownes his hated head on high appears ;
 Where seav'n tall Hornes (his Empires pride) aspire.
 And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horne
 Seav'n crested *Hydra's* horribly adorne.

7.

His Eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
 Startle the dull Ayre with a dismall red :
 Such his fell glances as the fatall Light
 Of staring Comets, that looke Kingdomes dead.
 From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight
 Of Hells owne stinke, a worser stench is spread.
 His breath Hells lightning is : and each deepe grone
 Disdaines to thinke that Heav'n Thunders alone.

8.

His flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
 Vnto a dreadfull pile gives fiery Breath ;
 Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
 The never-dying Life, of a long Death.
 In this sad House of slow Destruction,
 (His shop of flames) hee fryes himselfe, beneath
 A masse of woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash, (last).
 While his Steele sides sound with his Tayles strong

9.

Three Rigourous Virgins waiting still behind,
 Assist the Throne of th' Iron-Sceptred King.
 With whips of Thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
 They rouse him, when his ranke Thoughts need a sting.
 Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
 About their shady browes in wanton Rings.
 Thus reignes the wrathfull King, and while he reignes
 His Scepter and himselfe both he disdaines.

10.

Disdaine full wretch ! how hath one bold sinne cost
 Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes ?
 How hath one blacke Eclipse cancell'd, and crost
 The glories that did guild thee in thy Rise ?
 Proud Morning of a perverse Day ! how lost
 Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
Narcissus ? foolish *Phaeton* ? who for all
 Thy high-aym'd hopes, gain'd st but a flaming fall

11

From Death's sad shades, to the Life-breathing Ayre,
 This mortall Enemy to mankinde's good,
 Lifts his malignant Eyes, wast'd with care,
 To become beautifull in humane blood.
 Where *Jordan* melts his Chrystall, to make faire
 The fields of *Palestine*, with so pure a flood,
 There does he fixe his Eyes : and there detect
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He

12

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke
 Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire :
 Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke
Sibills divining leaves : hee does enquire
 Into th' old Prophecies, trembling to marke
 How many present prodigies conspire,
 To crowne their past predictions, both hee layes
 Together, in his pondrous mind both weighes.

13.

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late hee saw
 To a poore *Galilean* virgin sent :
 How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe
 Immortall flowers to her faire hand present.
 Hee saw th' old *Hebrewes* wombe, neglect the Law
 Of Age and Barennesse, and her Babe prevent
 His Birth, by his Devotion, who began
 Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

14.

Hee saw rich Nectar thawes, release the rigour
 Of th' Icy North, from frost-bount *Atlas* hands
 His Adamantine fetters fall ; greene vigour
 Gladding the *Scythian* Rocks, and *Libian* sands.
 Hee saw a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure
 Winters sad face, and through the flowry lands
 Of faire *Engaddi* hony-sweating Fountaines (taines.
 With *Manna*, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Moun-

15.

Hee saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,
 The Heav'n-rebuked shades made hast away;
 How bright a Dawne of Angels with new Light
 Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
 Of which the Morning knew not: Mad with spight
 Hee markt how the poore Shepherds ran to pay
 Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth
 Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

16.

Hee saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
 Make proud the Ruby portalls of the East.
 Hee saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,
 Adore her Princes Birth, flar on her Brest.
 Hee saw the falling Idols, all confesse
 A comming Deity. Hee saw the Nest
 Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst;
 Toucht with the worlds true *Antidote* to burst.

17.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,
 On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
 The Golden eyes of Night: whose Beame made bright
 The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd,
 (Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night.
 By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious Hand-maid) rais'd
 Three Kings (or what is more) three Wise men went
 Westward to find the worlds true *Orient*.

18. Strucke

18.

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,
 Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him;
 Faine would hee have forgot what fatall strings,
 Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.
 Hee shooke himselfe, and spread his spacious wings:
 Which like two Bosom'd sailes embrace the dimme
 Aire, with a ditsmall shade, but all in vaine,
 Of sturdy Adamant is his strong chaine.

19.

While this Heav'ns highest counsaile, by the low
 Footsteps of their Effects, hee trac'd too well,
 Hee tost his troubled eyes, Embers that glow
 Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
 With his foule clawes hee fenc'd his furrowed Brow,
 And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
 The while his twisted Tayle hee gnaw'd for light.

20.

Yet on the other side, faine would he start
 Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.
 Hee studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
 And feele the pulse of every Prophecy.
 Hee knowes (but knowes not how, or by what Art)
 The Heav'n expecting Ages, hope to see
 Amighty Babe, whose pure, unspotted Birth,
 From a chaste Virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth.

D 5

21. But

21.

But these vast Mysteries his senses smother,
 And Reason (for what's Faith to him?) devoure;
 How she that is a maid should prove a Mother,
 Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower;
 How Gods eternall Sonne should be mans Brother,
 Poseth his proudest Intellectuall power.
 How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,
 And life it selfe, weare Deaths fraile Livery.

22.

That the Great Angell-blinding light should shrinke
 His blaze, to shine in a poore Shepheards eye.
 That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
 As Pris'ner in a few poore Rags to lye.
 That from his Mothers Brest hee milke should drinke,
 Who feeds with Nectar Heav'ns faire family.
 That a vile Manger his low Bed should prove,
 Who in a Throne of stars Thunders above.

23.

That hee whom the Sun serves, should fairly peepe
 Through clouds of Infant flesh: that hee the old
 Eternall Word should bee a Child, and weepe.
 That hee who made the fire, should feare the cold;
 That Heav'ns high Majesty his Court should keepe
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd.
 That Glories selfe should serve our Grieffs, & feares:
 And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

And

24.

And further, that the Lawes eternall Giver,
 Should bleed in his owne lawes obedience :
 And to the circumcising Knife deliver
 Himselfe, the forfeit of his slaves offence.
 That the unblemisht Lambe, blessed for ever,
 Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence.
 These are the knotty Riddles, whose darke doubt
 Intangles his lost Thoughts, past getting out.

25.

While new Thoughts boy'd in his enraged Brest,
 His gloomy Bosomes darkest Character,
 Was in his shady forehead seen exprest.
 The forehead's shade in Griefes expression there,
 Is what in signe of joy among the best
 The faces lightning, or a smile is here.
 Those stings of care that his strong Heart oppress,
 A desperate, *Oh mee*, drew from his deepe Brest.

26.

Oh mee! (thus bellow'd hee) *oh mee!* what great
 Portents before mine eyes their Powers advance?
 And serves my purer sight, onely to beat
 Downe my proud Thought, and leave it in a Trance?
 Frowne I; and can great Nature keep her seat?
 And the gay stars lead on their Golden dance?
 Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
 Auspicious still, in sight of Hell and me?

Here

27.

Hee has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
 And radiant Scepter this bold hand should beare.
 And for the never-fading fields of Light.
 My faire Inheritance, hee confines me here,
 To this darke House of shades, horror, and Night,
 To draw a long-liv'd Death, where all my cheere
 Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,
 That Mankinds Torment waits upon my Teares.

28.

Darke, dusky Man, he needs would single forth,
 To make the partner of his owne pure ray:
 And should we Powers of Heav'n, Spirits of worth
 Bow our bright Heads, before a King of clay?
 It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,
 Where never wing of *Angell* yet made way
 What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high,
 And to dare something, is some victory.

29.

Is hee not satisfied? meanes he to wrest
 Hell from me too, and sack my Territories?
 Vile humane Nature means he not t'invest
 (O my despight!) with his divinest Glories?
 And rising with rich spoiles upon his Brest,
 With his faire Triumphs fill all future stories?
 Must the bright armes of Heav'n rebuke these eyes?
 Mocke me, and dazle my darke Mysteries?

30. Art

30.

Art thou not *Lucifer*? hee to whom the droves
 Of Stars, that guild the Morne in charge were given?
 The nimblest of the lightning-winged Loves?
 The fairest, and the first-borne smile of Heav'n?
 Looke in what Pompe the Mistresse Planet moves
 Rev'rently circled by the lesler seaven,
 Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
 Oprest the common-people of the skyes.

31.

Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
 Where dawning hope no beame of comfort shoves?
 While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
 Renders thee double to thy present woes.
 Rather make up to thy new miseries,
 And meet the mischiefe that upon thee growes.
 If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

32.

And yet whose force feare-I? have I so lost
 My selfe? my strength too with my innocence?
 Come try who dares, *Heav'n*, *Earth*, what ere dost boast,
 A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.
 Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
 Mee yet a second fall? wee'd try our strengths.
 Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
 Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

Thus

33.

Thus spoke th'impatient Prince, and made a pause,
 His foule Hags rais'd their heads, & clapt their hands,
 And all the Powers of Hell in full applause
 Flourisht their Snakes, and toft their flaming brands.
 Wee (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,
 Th'obsequious handmaids of thy high commands.
 Be it thy part, Hells mighty Lord, to lay
 On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

34.

What thy *Aleto*, what these hands can doe,
 Thou mad'st bold prooffe upon the brow of Heav'n,
 Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
 To these thy footy Kingdomes thou art driven.
 Let Heav'ns Lord chide above lowder then thou
 In language of his Thunder, thou art even
 With him below : here thou art Lord alone
 Boundlesse and absolute : Hell is thine owne.

35.

If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,
 Vertues of stones, nor herbes : use stronger charmes,
 Anger, and love, best hookes of humane blood.
 If all faile wee'l put on our proudest Armes,
 And pouring on Heav'ns face the Seas huge flood
 Quench his curl'd fires, wee'l wake with our Alarmes
 Ru ne, where e're the sleepes at Natures feet;
 And crush the world till his wide corners meet.

Reply'd

36.

Reply'd the proud King, O my Crownes Defence?
 Stay of my strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
 The frighted stars tooke faint experience,
 When 'g ainst the Thunders mouth wee marched forth:
 Still you are prodigal of your Love's expence
 In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth.
 I thanke you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

37.

Fourth of the cursed knot of Hags is shee,
 Or rather all the other three in one;
 Hells shop of slaughter shee do's oversee,
 And still assist the Execution.
 But chiefly there do's shee delight to be,
 Where Hells capacious Cauldron is set on:
 And while the black soules boile in their owne gore,
 To hold them down, and looke that none see the o're.

38.

Thrice how'd the Caves of Night, and thrice the sound;
 Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes
 Rung, through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
 At last her Listning Eares the noise o'retakes,
 Shee lifts her footy lampes, and looking round
 A gen'rall hille, from the whole Tire of Inakes
 Rebouncing, through Hells inmost Cavernes came,
 In answer to her formidable Name.

'Mongst

39.

Mongst all the Palaces in Hells command,
 No one so mercilesse as this of hers.
 The Adamantine Doors, for ever stand
 Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and Teares;
 The walls inexorable Steele, no hand
 Of Time, or Teeth of hungry Ruine feares.
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines,
 Of ragged limbs, torne skulls, & dasht our Braines.

40.

There has the purple *Vengeance* a proud seat,
 Whose ever-brandisht Sword is sheath'd in blood.
 About her *Hate, wrath, warre, and slaughter* sweat;
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood.
 There rude impetuous Rage do's storme, and fret:
 And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,
 Swinging a huge Sith stands impartiall *Death*,
 With endlesse businesse almost out of Breath.

41.

For Hangings and for Curtaines, all along
 The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
 Are tooles of wrath, Anvills of Torments hung;
 Fell Executioners of foule intents,
 Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong;
 Swords, Speares, with all the fatall Instruments
 Of sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dre staines
 Of Brothers mutuall blood, and Fathers braines.

The.

Steps to the Temple.

63

42.

The Tables furnisht with a cursed Feast,
Which *Harpyes*, with leane *Famine* feed upon,
Vnfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane *Erisi-cthon* too makes one ;
Tantalus, *Atræus*, *Progne*, here are guests :
Wolvish *Lycæon* here a place hath won.

The cup they drinke in is *Medusa's* scull,
Which mixt with gall & blood they quaffè brim full,

43.

The foule Queens most abhorred Maids of Honour
Medea, *Jezabell*, many a meager Witch
With *Circe*, *Scylla*, stand to wait upon her.
But her best hufwifes are the *Paræa*, which
Still worke for her, and have their wages from her.
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.

Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murther'd *Infants* leave.

44.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree.
Each flowers a pregnant poyson, try'd and good,
Each herbe a Plague. The winds sighes timed-bee
By a black Fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotawres, *Cyclopes*, with a darke drove
Of *Dragons*, *Hydraes*, *Sphinxes*, fill the Grove.

Here

45.

Here *Diomed's* Horses, *Phebus* dogs appeare,
 With the fierce Lyons of *Therodamas*,
Busiris ha's his bloody Altar here,
 Here *Sylla* his severest prison has,
 The *Leſtrigoniens* here their Table reare ;
 Here ſtrong *Procrustes* plants his Bed of Braſſe.
 Here cruell *Scyon* boasts his bloody rockes,
 And hatefull *Schinis* his ſo feared Oakes.

46.

What ever Schemes of Blood, fantaſtick frames
 Of Death *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew ;
Phalaris, *Ochus*, *Ezelinus*, names
 Mighty in miſchiefe, with dread *Nero* too,
 Here are they all, Here all the ſwords or flames
Aſſyrian Tyrants, or *Egyptian* knew.
 Such was the Houſe, ſo furniſht was the Hall,
 Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer'd *Pluto's* call.

47.

Scarce to this Monster could the ſhady King,
 The horrid ſumme of his intentions tell ;
 But ſhee (ſwift as the momentary wing
 Of lightning, or the words he ſpoke) left Hell.
 Shee roſe, and with her to our world did bring,
 Pale prooffe of her fell preſence, Th'aire too well
 With a chang'd countenance witneſt the fight,
 And poore fowles intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n

Steps to the Temple.

67

48.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight,
The field's faire Eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flowry lids for ever Night,
And Winter strow her way; yea, such a sore
Is shee to Nature, that a generall fright,
An universall pallsie spreading o're
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick Snakes hid them from the Sun,

49.

Now had the Night's companion from her den,
Where all the busie day shee close doth ly,
With her soft wing, wipt from the browes of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle Tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a *Lethæan* band.

50.

When the *Erimys* her black pineons spread,
And came to *Bethlem*, where the cruell King
Had now retyr'd himselfe, and borrowed
His Brest a while from care's unquiet sting.
Such as at *Thebes* dire feast shee shew'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed Torches brandishing,
Such to the frighted Palace now shee comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent roomes.

By

51

By Herod ————— now was borne
 The Scepter, which of old great *David* swaid.
 Whose right by *David's* image so long worne,
 Himselfe a stranger to, his owne had made :
 And from the head of *Judahs* house quite torne
 The Crowne, for which upon their necks he laid.
 A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vaine,
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd againe.

52

Vp, through the spartious Pallace passed she,
 To where the Kings proudly-reposed head
 (If any can be soft to *Tyranny*
 And selfe-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
 As it is scene by Hell ; and scene with dread.
 To change her faces stile she doth devise,
 And in a pale Ghost's shape to spare his Eyes.

53

Her selfe a while she layes aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortall part.
Ioseph the Kings dead Brothers shape she takes,
 What he by Nature was, is she by Art.
 She comes toth' King and with her cold hand flakes
 His Spirits, the Sparkes of Life, and chills his heart,
 Lifes forge ; fain'd is her voice, and false too, be (she
 Her words, sleep'st thou fond man? sleep'st thou? (said

So

54

So sleeps a Pilot, whose poore Barke is prest
 With many a mercyleffe o're mastring wave ;
 For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest,
 Which of them deep'st shall digge her watry Grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye supprest,
 In Death-like slumbers ; while thy dangers crave
 A waking eye and hand : looke up and see
 The fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

55

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes royall stemme
 (That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung
 A most strange Babe ! who here conceal'd by them
 In a neglected stable lies, among
 Beasts and base straw : Already is the streame
 Quite turn'd • th' ingratefull Rebels this their young
 Master (with voyce free as the Trumpe of Fame)
 Their new King, and thy Successour proclaime

56

vJ

What busy motions, what wild Engines stand
 On tiptoe in their giddy Braynes ? th' have fire
 Already in their Bosomes ; and their hand
 Already reaches at a sword : They hire
 Poysons to speed thee ; yet through all the Land
 What one comes to reveale what they conspire ?
 Goe now, make much of these ; wage still their wars
 And bring home on thy Brest more thanklesse scarrs,

Why

57.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my Blood,
 That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine
 A well-pois'd Scepter ? does it now seeme good
 Thy Brothers blood be-spilt life spent in vaine ?
 'Gainst thy owne sons and Brothers thou hast stood
 In Armes, when lesler cause was to complaine :
 And now crosse Fates a watch about thee keepe,
 Can'st thou be careless now ? now can'st thou sleepe ?

58.

Where art thou man ? what cowardly mistake
 Of thy great selfe, hath stolne King *Herod* from thee ?
 O call thy selfe home to thy selfe, wake, wake,
 And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee.
 Redeeme a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
 Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee.
 Be *Herod*, and thou shalt not misse from mee
 Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

59.

So said, her richest, which to her wrist
 For a befeeming bracelet shee had ty'd
 (A speciall Worme it was as ever kist
 The foamy lips of *Cerberus*) shee apply'd
 To the Kings Heart, the Snake no looner list,
 But vertue heard it, and away shee hy'd,
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine,
 This done, Home to her Hell shee hy'd amaine.

Hee

60.

Hee wakes, and with him (ne're to sleepe) new feares;
 His Sweat-bedewed Bed had now betrai'd him,
 To a vast field of thornes, ten thousand Speares
 All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
 So mighty were th' amazing Characters
 With which his feeling Dreame had thus dismay'd him,
 Hee his owne fancy-framed foes defies:
 In rage, *My armes, give me my armes*, hee cries.

61.

As when a Pile of food-preparing fire,
 The breath of artificiall lungs embraves,
 The Caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire,
 And beat the hot Brasse with rebellious waves:
 He murmures, and rebukes their bold desire;
 Th' impatient liquor, frets, and foames, and raves;
 Till his o'reflowing pride suppress the flame,
 Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came.

62.

So boyles the fired *Herods* blood-swolne brest,
 Not to be slakt but by a Sea of blood.
 His faithlesse Crowne he feeles loose on his Crest,
 Which on false Tyrants head ne're firmly stood.
 The worne of jealous envy and unrest;
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food
 Makes him impatient of the lingering light.
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

63.

A Thousand Prophecies that talke strange things,
 Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.
 And now of late came tributary Kings,
 Bringing him nothing but new feares from th' East,
 More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings.
 With which his feav'rous cases their cold incieast.
 And now his dream (Hels firebrand) stil more bright,
 Shew'd him his feares, and kill'd him with the sight.

64.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see
 (Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)
 But all his Counsellours must summon'd bee,
 To meet their troubled Lord: without delay
 Heralds and Messengers immediately
 Are sent about, who poasting every way
 To th'heads and Officers of every band;
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.

65.

Why art thou troubled *Herod*? what vaine feare
 Thy blood-revolving Brest to rage doth move?
 Heavens King, who doffs himsele weake flesh to weare,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.
 Nor would he this thy fear'd Crown from thee Teare,
 But give thee a better with himsele above.
 Poore jealousie! why should he wish to prey
 Vpon thy Crowne, who gives his owne away?

Make

66

Make to thy reason man ; and mocke thy doubts,
 Looke how below thy feares their causes are ;
 Thou art a Souldier *Herod* ; send thy Scouts
 See how hee's furnish't for so fear'd a warre.
 What armour does he weare ? A few thin clouts.
 His Trumpets & tender cryes, his men to dare
 So much & rude Shepheards. What his steeds & alas
 Poore Beasts ! a slow Oxe, and a simple Ass.

Il fine del libro primo.

E

On

*On a prayer booke sent
to Mrs. M. R.*

Loe here a little volume, but large booke,
(Feare it not, sweet,
It is no hipocrit)
Much larger in it selfe then in its looke.

It is in one rich handfull, heaven and all
Heavens royall Hoasts incampt, thus small ;
To prove that true schooles use to tell,
A thousand Angells in one point can dwell.

It is loves great Artillery,
Which here contracts it selfe and comes to lye
Close coucht in your white bosome, and from thence
As from a snowy fortresse of defence
Against the ghostly foe to take your part ;
And fortifie the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the Armory of light,
Let constant use but keep it bright,
Youl find it yeelds
To holy hand, and humble hearts,
More swords and sheilds
Then sinne hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Onely bee sure,
The hands bee pure,

That

Steps to the Temple.

75

That hold these weapons and the eyes
Thole of turtles, chaste, and true,
Wakefull, and wise
Here is a friend shall fight for you,
Hold but this booke before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part,

But o', the heart
That studyes this high art,
Must bee a sure house keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Deare soule bee strong,
Mercy will come ere long;
And bring her bosome full of blessings,
Flowers of never fading graces;
To make immortall dressings.
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The spouse of Virgins, and the Virgins son.

But if the noble Bridegrome when hee comes
Shall find the wandring heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode,
To gad abroad;

Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasures, and to play
And keep the diuells holy day.
To dance in the Sunnes shine of some smiling
but beguiling.

Sphæare of sweet, and sugred lies,
 Some slippery paire,
 Of false perhaps as faire
 Flattering but forswearing eyes

Doubtles some other heart
 Will git the start,
 And stepping in before,
 Will take possession of the sacred store
 Of hidden sweets, and holy joyes,
 Words which are not heard with eares,
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)
 Effectuall whispers whose st ll voyce,
 The soule it selfe more feesles then heares.

Amorous Languishments, Luminous trances,
 Sights which are not seen with eyes,
 Spirituall and soule peircing glances.
 Whose pure and subtile lightning, flies
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire;
 And melts it downe in sweet desire:
 Yet doth not stay
 To aske the windowes leave, to passe that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
 Of soule deare, and divine annihilations.
 A thousand unknowne rites
 Of joyes, and rarified delights.
 An hundred thousand loves and graces,
 And many a mysticke thing,
 Which the divine embraces
 Of the deare spowse of spirits with them will bring.

Steps to the Temple.

77

For which it is no shame,
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more;
If when hee come
Hee find the heart from home,
Doubtles hee will unlad
Himselfe some other where,
And powre abroad
His precious sweets,
On the faire soule whom first hee meets.

O faire! ô fortunate! ô rich! ô deare!
O happy and thrice happy shee
Deare silver breasted dove
Who ere shee bee,
Whose early Love
With winged vovves,
Makes haste to meet her morning spowse:
And close with his immortall kisses.
Happy soule who never misses,
To improve that precious houre:
And every day,
Seize her sweet prey;
All fresh and fragrant as hee rises,
Dropping with a balmy showre
A delicious dew of spices.

O let that happy soule hold fast
Her heavenly armesfull, shee shall last
At once, ten thousand paradises
Shee shall have power,
To rise and defflower,

Steps to the Temple.

The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a twelling bosome there shee meets,
Boundlesse and infinite

bottomlesse treasures,
Of pure inebriating pleasures,

Happy soule shee shall discover,

What joy, what blisse,

How many heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her lover.

*On Mr. G. Herberts booke intituled
the Temple of Sacred Po-
ems, sent to a Gentle-
woman.*

K Now you faire, on whom you looke;
Divineſt love lyes in this booke:
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice;
When your hands unty theſe ſtrings,
Thinke you have an Angell by th' wings.
One that gladly will bee nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flatter in the balmy aire,
Of your well preſumed prayer.
Theſe white plumes of his heele lend you,
Which every day to heaven will ſend you:
To take acquaintance of the ſpheare,
And all the ſmooth faced kindred there.

And though *Herberts* name doe owe
Theſe devotions, faireſt; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

Steps to the Temple

79

*In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa
that sought an early
Martyrdome.*

Love thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of life and death — To prove the word,
Wee need to see to none of all
Those thy old souldiers, stout and tall
Ripe and full, grownne, that could reach downe;
With strong armes their triumphant crowne:
Such as could with lusty breath,
Speake lowd unto the face of death
Their great Lords glorious name, to none
Of those whose large breasts built a throne
For love their Lord, glorious and great,
Weell see him take a private seat,
And make his mansion in the milde
And milky soule of a soft childe.

Scarce had shee learnt to lisp a name
Of Martyr, yet shee thinkes it shame
Life should so long play with that breath,
Which spent can buy so brave a death.

Shee never undertooke to know,
What death with love should haue to doe.
Nor hath shee ere yet understood,
Why to show love shee should shed blood,
Yet though shee cannot tell you why,
Shee can love and shee can dye.

Steps to the Temple.

Scarce had shee blood enough, to make
 A guilty sword bluish for her lake;
 Yet has shee a heart dares hope to prove;
 How much lesse strong is death then love.

Bee love but there, let poore ~~five~~ yeares,
 Bee posed with the maturest feares
 Man trembles at, wee straight shall find
 Love knowes no nonage, nor the mind.
 Tis love, not yeares, or Limbes, that can
 Make the martyr or the man.

Love toucht her heart, and loe it beats
 High, and burnes with such brave heats:
 Such thirst to dye, as dare drinke up,
 A thousand coled deaths in one cup.
 Good reason for shee breaths all fire,
 Her weake breast heaves with strong desire,
 Of what shee may with fruitlesse wishes
 Seeke for, amongst her mothers kisses.

Since tis not to bee had at home,
 Sheel travell to a martyrdome.

No home for her confesses shee,

But where shee may A martyr bee.

Sheel to the Moores, and trade with them,

For this unvalued Diadem,

Shee offers them her dearest breath,

With Christs name int, in change for death.

Sheel bargain with them, and will give

Them God, and teach them how to live

In him, or if they this denye,

For him sheel teach them how to dye.

So shall shee leave amongst them lowne,

Her Lords blood, or at lest her owne.

Farwell

Step to the Temple.

81

Farewell then all the world, adieu,
Teresa is no more for you:
Farewell all pleasures, sports and joyes,
Never till now esteemed toyes.
Farewell what ever deare may bee,
Mothers armes, or fathers knee.
Farewell house, and farwell home:
Shes for the Moores and Martyrdome.

Sweet not so fast, Loe thy faire spouse,
Whom thou seek' st with so swift vowes
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T'embrace a milder Martyrdome.

Blest powers forbid thy tender life,
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife,
Or some base hand have power to reach
Thy Breasts chaste cabinet; and uncase
A soule kept there so sweet. O no,
Wise heaven will never have it so.
Thou art Loves victim, and must dye
A death more mysticall and high.
Into Loves hand thou shalt let fall,
A still surviving funerall.

His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroake shall taste thy hallowed breath
A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
Which writes thy spowes radiant name.
Vpon the rooofe of heaven where ay
It shines, and with a soveraigne ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of soules, which in thar names sweet graces,

Steps to the Temple.

Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
So spirituall, pure and faire,
Must be the immortall instrument,
Vpon whose choice point shall be spent,
A life so loved, and that there bee
Fit executioners for thee:
The fairest, and the first borne Loves of fire,
Blest Seraphims shall leave their quire,
And turne Loves souldiers upon thee,
To exercise their Archerie.

O how oft shalt thou complaine
Of a sweet and subtil paine?
Of intollerable joyes?
Of a death in which who dyes
Loves his death, and dyes againe,
And would for ever so be slaine!
And lives and dyes, and knowes not why
To live, but that he still may dy.

How kindly will thy gentle heart,
Kisse the sweetly — killing dart:
And close in his embraces keep,
Those delicious wounds that weep
Balsome, to heale themselves with ————
——— thus

When these thy deaths so numerous,
Shall all at last dye into one,
And melt thy soules sweet mansion:
Like a soft lump of Incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted,
Into perfuming cloudes. So fast
Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last,
In a dissolving sigh, and then
O what! aske not the tongues of men,

Angels

Steps to the Temple.

Angells cannot tell, suffice,
Thy selfe shalt feel thine owne full joyes.
And hold them fast for ever there,
So soone as thou shalt first appeare.
The moone of maiden starres; thy white
Mistresse attended by such bright
Soules as thy shining selfe, shalt come,
And in her first rankes make thee roome.
Where mongst her snowy family,
Immortall wellcomes wait on thee.
O what delight when shee shall stand,
And teach thy Lipps heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now maist to thy wishes,
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.
What joy shall seize thy soule when shee
Bending her blessed eyes, on thee
Those second smiles of heaven shall dart,
Her mild rayes, through thy melting heart:

Angells thy old friends there shall greet thee;
Glad at their owne home now to meet thee.
All thy good workes which went before,
And waited for thee at the doore:
Shall owne thee there; and all in one
Weave a Constellation
Of Crownes, with which the King thy Spoule,
Shall build up thy triumphant browe.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains set bright upon thee.
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings bee devine.
Teares shall take comfort, and raine Gems;
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dresse the soule, which late they saw.

Thy

Steps to the Temple.

Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres,
As keep account of the Lambes warres.

Those rare workes, where thou shalt leave witt;
Loves noble history, with witt
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our soules, shall cloath thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy browes; and bee
Both fire to us, and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt looke round about, and see
Thousand of crownd soules, throng to bee
Themselves thy crowne, sonnes of thy nowes:
The Virgin births with which thy spowse
Made fruitfull thy faire soules; Goe now
And with them all about thee, bow
To him, put on (heel say) put on
My Rosy Love, that thy rich Zone,
Sparkeling with the sacred flames,
Of thousand soules whose happy names,
Heaven keeps upon thy score thy bright
Life, brought them first to kisse the light.

That kindled them to starres, and so
Thou with the Lambe thy Lord shall goe.
And where so ere hee sits his white
Steps, walke with him those wayes of Light.
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learne in life to dye like thee.

*An Apologie for the pre-
cedent Hymne.*

THus have I back againe to thy bright name
 Faire sea of holy fires transfused the flame
 I rooke from reading thee 'tis to thy wrong
 I know that in my weak and worthlesse song
 Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day
 Scarce dawnes, o pardon, if I dare to say
 Thine own deare books are guilty, for from thence
 I learnt to know that Love is eloquence
 That heavenly maxim gave me heart to try
 If what to other tongues is tun'd so high.
 Thy praise might not speak English too, forbid
 (by all thy mysteries that there lye hid ;)
 Forbid it mighty Love, let no fond hate
 Of names and words so farre pre judicate
 Soules are not Spaniards too, one frendly flood
 Of Baptisme, blends them all into one blood.
 Christs Faith makes but one body of all soules,
 And loyes thar bodies soule; no Law controules
 Our free traffick for heaven we may maintaine,
 Peace sure with piety, though it dwell in *Spain*.
 What soule soever in any Language can
 Speake heaven like hers, is my soules country-man.
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis heaven she speaks,
 'Tis heaven that lies in ambush there, and breakes
 From thence into the wondring readers breast,
 Who finds his warme heart, hatcht into a nest
 Of little Eagles, and young Loves, whose high
 Flights scorne the laxe dust, and things that dye.

Thus

There are now whose draughts as deep as hell
 Drinke up all *Spaine* in Sack, let my soule swell
 With thee strong wine of Love, let others swimme
 In puddles, we will pledge this Seraphim
 Bowles full of richer blood then bluish of grape
 Was ever guilty of, change wee our shape,
 My soule, some drinke from men to beasts; o then,
 Drinke wee till we prove more, not lesse then men:
 And turne not beasts, but Angels. Let the King,
 Mee ever into these his Cellars bring;
 Where flows such Wine as we can have of none
 But him, who trod the Wine-press all alone:
 Wine of youths Life, and the sweet deaths of Love,
 Wine of immortall mixture, which can prove
 Its tincture from the Rassic Nectar, wine
 That can exalt weak earth, and so refine
 Our dust, that in one draught, Mortality
 May drinke it selfe up, and forget to dy.

On a Treatise of Charity.

Rise then, immortall maid! *Religion* rise!
 Put on thy selfe in thine own looks; t'our eyes
 Be what thy beauties; not our blots, have made thee,
 Such as (ere our dark finnes to dust betray'd thee)
 Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright birth
 Shot thee like lightning, to th'astonisht earth.
 From th' dawn of thy faire eye-lids wipe away
 Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take day
 And thine owne beames about thee: bring the best
 Of wharsoe'er perfum'd thy *Eastern* west.
 Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
 Open this booke, faire Queen, and read thy crown.

These

These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee
 Thy holycst, humblest, handmaid Charitie.
 Sh'ldresse thee like thy selfe, set thee on high
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye,
 Lo where I see thy offerings wake, and rise
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
 Which they themselves were; each one putting on
 A majestic that may bescem thy throne.
 The holy youth of heav'n, whose golden rings
 Girt round thy awfull Altars, with bright wings
 Fanning thy faire locks (which the world beleeves
 As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves
 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.

———— Be it enacted then

By the faire lawes of thy firm-pointed pen,
 Gods services no longer shall put on
 A *fluttishnesse*, for pure religion:
 No longer shall our Churches frighted stones
 Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones.
 Of dead Devotion; nor faint marbles weep
 In their sad ruines; nor Religion keep
 A melancholy mansion in those cold
 Vrns. Like Gods Sanctuaries they lookt of old:
 Now seem they Temples consecrate to *none*,
 Or to a *new God Desolation*.
 No more the hypocrite shall th'*upright* be
 Because he's stiffe, and will confesse no knee:
 While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou
 (Disdainfull dust and ashes) bend thy brow;
 Nor on Gods Altar cast two *scorbing eyes*
 Bak't in hot scorn, for a *burnt sacrifice*:
 But (for a *Lambe*) thy tame and tender *hears*
 New struck by love, still trembling on his dart;
 Or (for two *Turtle doves*) it shall suffice
 To bring a *paire of meek and humble eyes*.

This

Steps to the Temple.

This shall from hence forth be the masculine theme
Pulpits and pennies shall sweat in, to redeem
Vertue to action, that life-feeding flame
That keeps Religion warme: nor swell a name
Of faith, a *mountaine word*, made up of aire,
With those deare spoiles that went to dresse the faire
And fruitfull Charities full breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poore hope from us, when we be
Vncharitable even to *Charitie*.

In the first law of the law-given pen,
The lawe no longer shall be
The lawe shall be: the lawe shall be
The lawe shall be: the lawe shall be
The lawe shall be: the lawe shall be
The lawe shall be: the lawe shall be
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The more the hypocrite shall thinke
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In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi, D. Andreæ.

HÆc charta monstrat, Fama quem monstrat magis,
 Sed & ipsa nec diu fama quem monstrat satis,
 Ille, ille totam solus implevit Tubam,
 Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoq;
 Fecit modestam: mentis ignea pater
 Agiliq; radio Lucis æternæ visus,
 Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus
 Cucurrit Animo, quippe naturam ferox
 Exhaustit ipsam mille Fœtus Artibus,
 Et mille Linguis ipse se ingentes procul
 Variavit omnes fuitq; toti simul
 Cognatus orbi: sic sacrum & solidum iubar
 Saturumq; cœlo pectus ad patrios Libens
 Porrexit ignes: hac eum (Lector) vides
 Hæc (ecce) charta O Utinam & audires quoq;

On the Assumption.

HArke shee is called, the parting houre is come,
 Take thy farewel poore world, heaven must go home.
 A peece of heavenly Light purer and brighter (her.
 Then the chaste stars, whose choice Lamps come to light
 While through the christall orbs clearer then they
 Shee climbs, and makes a farre more milky way;
 Shee's call'd againe, harke how th'immortall Dove
 Sighs to his silver mate: rise up my Love,
 Rise up my faire, my spotlesse one,
 The Winter's past, the raine is gone:
 The Spring is come, the Flowers appeare,
 No sweets since thou art wanting here.

Come away my Love,
 Come away my Dove
 cast off delay:
 The Court of Heav'n is come,
 To wait upon thee home;
 Come away, come away.

Shee's call'd againe, and will shee goe;
 When heaven bids come, who can say no?
 Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
 Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.
 Goe then, goe (glorious) on the golden wings
 Of the bright youth of Heaven, that sings
 Vnder so sweet a burden: goe,
 Since thy great Sonne will have it so:
 And while thou goest, our song and wee,
 Will as wee may reach after thee.
 Haile holy Queen of humble hearts,
 Wee in thy praise will have our parts.

And

Steps to the Temple

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And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight;
Feed for ever their faire sight
With those divinest eyes, which wee
And our darke world no more shall see.
Though, our poore joyes are parted so,
Yet shall our lips never let goe
Thy gracious name, but to the last,
Our Loving song shall hold it fast.

Thy sacred Name shall bee
Thy selfe to us, and wee
With holy cares will keepe it by us,
Wee to the last,
Will hold it fast,
And no Assumption shall deny us,
All the sweetest showers,
Of our fairest Flowers,
Will wee strow upon it:
Though our sweetnesse cannot make
It sweeter, they may take
Themselves new sweetnesse from it.

Mary, men and Angels sing,
Maria Mother of our King.
Live rarest Princessie, and may the bright
Crown of an incomparable Light
Embrace thy radiant browes, & may the best
Of everlasting joyes bath thy white brest.
Live our chaste love, the holy mirth
Of heaven, and humble pride of Earth:
Live Crowne of Women, Queen of men;
Live Mistris of our Song, and when
Our weak desires have done their best;
Sweet Angels come, and sing the rest.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium in Dominum Herisium.

Siste te paulum (viator) ubi Longum Sisti
Nescere erit, huc nempe properare te scias
quocunque properas.

Mora praeium erit.

Et Lacrimae,

Si jacere hic scias

Gubelnum

Splendide Herisiorum familiae

Splendorem maximum:

Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,

Et vixisse tantum;

Discas licet

In quantum spes possit

Assurgere mortalitas,

De quantum cadere.

Quem { Infantem, Essexia — } vidit
 { Juvenem, Cantabrigia }

Senem, ah infelix utraque

Quod non vidit.

Qui

Collegii Christi Alumnus,

Aula Pembrokeana socius,

Vtrique, ingens amoris certamen fuit.

Donec

Dulciss. Lites elusit Deus,

Eumque caelestis Collegii

Cujus semper Alumnus fuit

socium fecit;

Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,

Steps to the Temple.

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In quo
Musæ omnes & gratiæ,
Nulli magis sordes,
Sub præside religione
In tenacissimum sodalium coalescere.

Quem	{	Oratorie	Poetam	}	Agnovcre.
		Poetica	Oratorem		
		Vtraque	Philosophum		
		Christianum	Omnes		

Qui	{	Fide	Mundum	}	Superavit.
		Spe	Cælum		
		Charitate	Proximum		
		Humilitate	Seipsum		

Cujus

Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles-
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus

Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem:

Imo vero & mortem,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulari se passus est,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.

Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia

Anglicana ad vespertas legit,

Raptus est ne malitia mutaret Intellectum, &c.
Scilicet 1d Octobris, Anno 1631.

An

*An Hymne for the Circumcision
day of our Lord.*

Rise thou first and fairest morning,
Rosie with a double red :
With thine owne blush thy cheekes adorning,
And the deare drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride of Laces,
The crimson curtaines of thy bed ;
Guild thee not with so sweet graces ;
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the faire cheekt flowers that fill thee,
None so faire thy bosome strowes ;
As this modest Maiden Lilly,
Our simes have sham'd into a Rose.

Bid the golden god the Sunne,
Burnisht in his glorious beames :
Put all his red eyed rubies on,
These Rubies shall put out his eyes.

Let him make poore the purple East,
Rob the rich store her Cabinets keep,
The pure birth of each sparkling nest,
That flaming in their faire bed sleep.

Let him embrace his owne bright tresser,
With a new morning made of gems ;
And weave in them his wealthy dressees,
Another day of Diadems.

when

when he hath done all he may,
To make himselfe rich in his wife,
All will be darknesse, to the day
That breakes from one of these faire eyes.

And soone the sweet truth shall appeare,
Deare Babe e're many dayes be done :
The Moone shall come to meet thee here,
And leave the long adored Sunne.

Thy nobler beauty shall bereave him,
Of all his Easterne Paramours :
His Persian Lovers all shall leave him,
And sweare faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they loose the Sunne,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

Deare Hope ! Harkes dowie, and Heavens depe,
Of things that are not yet.
Sun, left, but still being ! I hope by whom
Our Nothing hath a being.
Fair cloud of life, both shade and light,
On life in death, our day in night.
Gates cannot find our way.

Of lasting love,
From thee shall shine downe with purest love
Shineth like the sick Moone at the whosome moone.

On Hope,
By way of Question and Answer, betweene
A. Cowley, and R. Crashaw.

Cowley.

Hope, whose weake being ruin'd is
Alike, If it succeed, and if it misse.
Whom Ill, and Good doth equally confound,
And both the hornes of Fates dilemma wound.
Vaine shadow ! that doth vanish quite
Both at full noone, and perfect night.
The Fates have not a possibility
Of blessing thee.
If things then from their ends wee happy call,
'Tis hope is the most hopelesse thing of all.

Crashaw.

Deare Hope ! Earths dowry, and Heavens debt,
The entity of things that are not yet.
Subt'lest, but surest being ! Thou by whom
Our Nothing hath a definition.
Fairst cloud of fire, both shade, and light,
Our life in death, our day in night.
~~Fates cannot find out a capacity~~
Of hurting thee.
From thee their thinne dilemma with blunt horne
Shrinkes, like the sick Moone at the wholsome morne.

Cowley

Cowley.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, in stead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poore,
By clogging it with Legacies before.

The joyes, which wee intire should wed,
Come deflour'd virgins to our bed.
Good fortunes without game imported bee,
So mighty Custome's paid to thee.
For joy, like Wine kept close doth better taste:
If it take ayre before, its spirits waste.

Craslow.

Thou art Loves Legacie under lock
Of Faith: the steward of our growing stocke.
Our Crown-lands lye above, yet each meale brings
A seemly portion for the Sons of Kings.

Nor will the Virgin-joyes wee wed
Come lesse unbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridall cheeke of Blisse,
Thou thus steal'st downe a distant kisse,
Hopes chaste kisse wrongs no more joyes maidenhead,
Then Spousall rites prejudge the marriage-bed.

Cowley.

Hope, Fortunes cheating Lotterie,
Where for one prize an hundred blankes there bee.
Fond Archer Hope, who tak'st thine ayme so farre,
That still, or short, or wide thine arrowes are.

Thine empty cloud the eye, it selfe deceives
With shapes that our owne fancie gives:
A cloud, which gilt, and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in teares.

When thy false beames o're Reasons light prevaile,
By *ignes fatui*, not North starres we sayle.

F

Craslow.

Crashaw.

Faire *Hope* ! our earlier Heaven ! by thee
 Young *Time* is tastier to Eternity.
 The generous wine with age grows stong, not sower ;
 Nor need wee kill thy fruit to smell thy flower.
 Thy golden head never hangs downe,
 Till in the lap of Loves full noone
 It falls, and dyes : oh no, it melts away
 As doth the dawne into the day :
 As lumpes of Sugar lose themselves, and twine
 Their subtile essence with the soule of Wine.

Cowley.

Brother of Feare ! more gaily clad
 The merrier Foole o'th' two, yet quite as mad.
 Sire of Repentance ! shield of fond desire,
 That blows the Chymicks, and the Lovers fire,
 Still leading them insensibly on,
 With the strange witchcraft of *Anon*.
 By thee the one doth changing Nature through
 Her endlesse Laborinths pursue,
 And th' other chases woman, while she goes
 More ways, and turnes, then hunted Nature knowes.

Crashaw.

Fortune alas above the worlds law warres ?
Hope kicks the curld heads of conspiring starres.
 Her keele cuts not the waves, where our winds sturre,
 And *Fates* whole Lottery is one blanke to her.
 Her shafts, and shee fly farre above,
 And forrage in the fields of light, and love.
 Sweet *Hope* ! kind cheat ! faire fallacy ! by thee
 Wee are not where, or what wee bee,
 But what, and where wee would bee : thus art thou
 Our absent presence, and our future new.

Crashaw.

Crashaw.

Faith's Sister ! Nurse of faire desire !
Feares Antidote ! a wise, and well stay'd fire
Temper'd 'twixt cold despaire, and torrid joy :
Queen Regent in young Loves minoritie.
Though the vext Chymick vainly chases
His fugitive gold through all her faces,
And loves more fierce, more fruitlesse fires assay
One face more fugitive then all they,
True *Hope's* a glorious Huntresse, and her chase
The God of Nature in the field of Grace.

F 2

THE

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THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.

OR,
Other Poems written on
severall occasions.

By Richard Crashaw, *sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge.*

Mart. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.

LONDON,
Printed by T.W. for H. Moseley, at
the Princes Armes in S. Pauls
Churchyard, 1646.

THE
DELIGHTS

OF THE
MUSES.

OR
OTHER POETRY WRITTEN ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Richard Bland, Fellow of Trinity
College, and late Fellow of St. John's
College, Cambridge.

LONDON:
Printed by T. W. for M. Mole,

at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1666.



Musicks Duell.

NOW Westward *Sol* had spent the richest Beames
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the streams
Of *Tiber*, on the sceane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an Oake; there sate
A sweet Lutes-master : in whose gentle aires
Hee lost the Dayes heat, and his owne hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood :
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muse, their *Syren*. harmlesse *Syren* shee)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The Musicks soft report : and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good :
The man perceiv'd his Rivall, and her Art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot Lady sport
Awakes his Lute, and gainst the fight to come
Informes it, in a sweet *Preludium*
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,
Hee lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch : and streightway shee
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quicke volumes of wild Notes ; to let him know
By that shrill taste, shee could doe something too.

H's nimble hands instinct then taught each string
 A capring cheerefullnesse ; and made them sing
 To their towne dance ; now negligently rash
 Hee throwes his Arme, and with a long drawne dash
 Blends all together ; then distinctly tripps
 From this to that ; then quicke returning skipps
 And snatches this againe, and pauses there.
 Shee measures every measure, every where
 Meets art with art ; sometimes as if in doubt
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to bee out
 Trayles her playne Ditty in one long-spun note,
 Through the sleeke passage of her open throat :
 A cleare unwrinkled song, then doth shee point it
 With tender accents, and severely joynt it
 By short diminutives, that being reard
 In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
 With her sweet selfe shee wrangles ; Hee amazed
 That from so small a channell should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voyce, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety
 Straines higher yet ; that tickled with rare art
 The ratling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly doe fall out ; the grumbling Base
 In surly groanes disdaines the Trebles Grace.
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Vntill his finger (Moderatour) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowling all
 Hoarce, shrill, at once ; as when the Trumpets call
 Hot Mars to th' Harvest of Deaths field, and woo
 Mens hearts into their hands ; this lesson too
 Shee gives him backe ; her supple Brest thrills out
 Sharpe Aires, and staggers in a warling doubt
 Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers ore her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
 The plyant Series of her slippery song.
 Then starts shee suddenly into a Throng

Of short thicke sobs, whose thundring volleys float,
 And roule themselves over her lubricke throat
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her Breast
 That ever-bubling spring; the sugred Nest
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
 Bathing in streames of liquid Melodie;
 Musicks best seed-plot, when in ripend Aires
 A Golden-headed Harvest fairely reares
 His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.
 In that sweet soyle it seemes a holy quire
 Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo's* lyre.
 Whose sylver-roose rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipp'd Angell-Imps, that swell their throats
 In creame of Morning *Helicon*, and then
 Preferre soft Anthems to the Eares of men.
 To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleepe while they their Matten sing:
 (Most divine service) whose swearely lay,
 Prevents the Eye-lids of the blushing day.
 There might you heare her kinde her soft voyce,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse.
 And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song,
 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long
 Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to gett out)
 Heaves her soft Bosome, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breast,
 Till the fledg'd Notes at length forsake their Nest;
 Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the Sky
 Wing'd with their owne wild *Eccho's* prailing fly:
 Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a Tide
 Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
 On the way'd hacke of every swelling straine,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train.
 And while shee thus discharges a shrill peale
 Of flashing Aires; shee qualifies their zeale

106 The Delights of the Muses.

With the coole Epode of a grave Noar,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voyce of warr's hoarse Bird;
Her little soule is ravish'd; and so pour'd
Into loole extasies, that shee is plac't
Above her selfe, Musicks *Enthusiast*

Shame now and anger mixt a double staine
In the Musicians face; yet once againe
(Mistresse) I come; now reach a straine my Lute
Above her mocke, or bee for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to mee,
Or to thy selfe, sing thine owne Obsequie;
So said, his hands sprightly as fire hee flings,
And with a quavering coyneesse tastis the strings.
The sweet-lip't sisters musically frighted,
Singing their feares are fearfully delighted.
Trembling as when *Appollo's* golden haire
Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
Of his owne breath; which marryed to his lyre (higher
Doth tune the *Sphaeres*, and make Heavens selfe looke
From this to that, from that to this hee flies
Feeles Musicks pulse in all her Arteryes,
Caught in a net which there *Appollo* spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocall threads,
Following those little rills, hee sinkes into
A Sea of *Helicon*; his hand does goe
Those parts of sweetnesse which with *Nectar* drop,
Softer then that which pants in *Hebe's* cup.
The humourous strings expound his learned touch,
By various Glosses; now they seeme to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In shrill tongu'd accents: striving to bee single.
Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake
Gives life to some new Grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetnesse by all her Names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)

The

The Lutes light *Genius* now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swolne *Rapsodies*.
 Whole flourish (*Meteor-like*) doth curl the aire
 With flash of high-borne fancyes: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone:
 Whole trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares
 Because those pretious mysteriyes that dwell,
 In musick's ravish't soule hee dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary
 Each string his Note, as if they meant to carry
 Their Masters blest soule (snatcht out at his Eares
 By a strong Extasy) through all the sphæres
 Of Musicks heaven; and feat it there on high
 In th' *Empyrum* of pure Harmony.
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers fairest revolution
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth *Diapason* swallows all.

This done, hee lists what shee would say to this,
 And shee although her Breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a Noate
 Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule) shee tryes
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring stringes, by the small size of one
 Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a Naturall Tone:
 Shee failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
 Shee dyes: and leaves her life the Victors prize,
 Falling upon his Lute; o fit to have
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave!

Principi recens nata omen
maternæ indolis;

C Resce, & dulcibus imparanda Divis,
O cresce, & propera, puella Princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cùm par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cùm terror sacer, Angliciq; magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Latè Bosperon, Ottomanicæque
Non picto quatiens tremore Lunas;
Te tunc altera, nec timenda pæci,
Poscent prælia. Tu potens prædici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Latè dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cùm flos tener illè, qui recentis
Pressus fidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidator,
Evolvere latus aureum per ignes;
Quiq; imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
Purior ex patribus generum
Campis imperiosior Capido;
O quàm certa superbiore pennâ
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mories,

Exultan-

Exultantibus hinc & indè turmis,
 Quoquò jufferis, impigrè volabunt!
 O quot corda calentium deorum
 De te vulnera delicata discent
 O quot pectora Principum magistris
 Fient molle negotium sagittis!
 Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
 Cui matris finis atque intrinsecus fidus
 Magnorum paret officina Amorum?
 Hinc sumas licet, o puella Princeps,
 Quantaunque opus est tibi pharetra.
 Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
 Matris lumine, Gratiâsque centum,
 Et centum Veneres; adhuc manebunt
 Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
 Ter centum Veneresque Gratiæque
 Pro fonte superstites per ævum.

Oude

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Out of Virgil,
In the praise of the Spring.

ALL Trees, all leavy Groves confesse the Spring
Their gentlest friend, then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and seed desire
To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the Bosome of his Love, and powres
Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers.
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With earths luscious Masse, doth cherish and assist
Her weake conceptions; No loane shade, but rings
With chatting Birds, delicious mumblings.
Then *Venus* mild instinct (at set times) yields
The Herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warme Zephires lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant Bosomes in a fragrant Birth.
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved bosome to the Sun
(Grown lusty now;) No Vine so weake and young
That feares the foule-mouth'd Auster, or those stormes
That the Southwest-wind hurries in his Armes,
But hasts her forward Blossomes, and layes out
Precely layes out her leaves: Nor doe I doubt
But when the world first out of *Chaos* sprang
So smil'd the Dayes, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A spring was there,
An everlasting spring, the jolly yeare
Led round in his great circle; No winds Breath
As then did smell of Winter, or of Death.
When Lifes sweet Light first shone on Beasts, and when
From their hard Mother Earth, sprang hardy men,
When

When Beasts tooke up their lodging in the Wood,
 Starres in their higher Chambers : never cou'd
 The tender growth of things endure the fence
 Of such a change, but that the Heav'n's Indulgence
 Kindly supplies sick Nature, and doth mold
 A sweetly temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture sent to a Friend.

Paint so ill, my peece had need to bee
 Painted againe by some good Poesie.
 I write so ill, my slender Line is scarce
 So much as th'Picture of a well-lim'd verse :
 Yet may the love I send be true, though I
 Send nor true Picture, nor true Poesie.
 Both which away, I should not need to feare,
 My Love, or Feign'd or painted should appeare.

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*In praise of Lessius
his rule of health.*

GOe now with some daring drugg,
Baite thy disease, and while they rugg
Thou to maintaine their cruell strife,
Spend the deare treasure of thy life:
Goe take phisicke, doat upon
Some bigg-named composition,
The oraculous doctors mistick bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at length shalt get by these?
Onely a costlier disease.
Goe poore man thinke what shall bee,
Remedie against thy remedie.
That which makes us have no need
Of Phisick thats Phisick indeed.

Harke hether, Reader, wouldst thou see
Nature her owne Physitian bee.
Wouldst see a man all, his owne wealth,
His owne Physick, his owne health?
A man whole sober soule can tell,
How to weare her garments well?
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should doe close and fit?
A well cloathed soule thats not opprest,
Nor choakt with what shee should bee drest?
A soule sheathed in a christall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine?
As when a peece of wanton lawne,
A thinne aiereall vaile is drawne
O're beauties face, seeming to hide
More sweetly shawes the blushing bride.

A soule whose intellectuall beames
 No mistes doe maske no lazy steames ?
 A happy soule that all the way,
 To heaven, hath a summers day ?
 Would'st thou see a man whose well warmed blood,
 Bathes him in a genuine flood ?
 A man whose tuned humours bee,
 A set of rarest harmony ?
 Wouldst see blith looks, fresh checks beguile
 Age, wouldst see December smile ?
 Wouldst see a nest of Roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow ?
 Warne thoughts free spirits, flattering
 Winters selfe into a spring ?
 In summe, wouldst see a man that can
 Live to bee old and still a man ?

Who prov'd the least to thee of these things,
 And coming late had out up Cocks and Hens,
 Whose hungry waite had made me full a Cuckoo,
 And did the least of these things, now wing'd for flight,
 I sent them the last kiss of her glimmering light.
 I told yet truth, streams which crawled every where
 Show'd, that some were had newly bath'd their feet
 For the sake of the least of these things, now wing'd for flight,
 I sent them the last kiss of her glimmering light.
 I told yet truth, streams which crawled every where
 Show'd, that some were had newly bath'd their feet
 For the sake of the least of these things, now wing'd for flight,
 I sent them the last kiss of her glimmering light.

The beginning of Helidorus.

THe smiling Morne had newly wak't the Day,
 And tipt the Mountaines in a tender ray:
 When on a hill (whose high Imperious brow
 Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below
 Licke his proud feet, and haſt into the ſeas
 Through the great mouth that's nam'd from *Hercules*)
 A band of men, rough as the Armes they wore
 Look't round, firſt to the ſea, then to the ſhore.
 The ſhore that ſhew'd them what the ſea deny'd,
 Hope of a prey. There to the maine land ty'd
 A ſhip they ſaw, no men ſhee had; yet preſt
 Appear'd with other lading, for her breſt
 Deep in the groaning waters wallow'd
 Up to the third Ring; o're the ſhore was ſpread
 Death's purple triumph, on the bluſhing ground
 Lives late forſaken houſes all lay drown'd
 In their owne bloods deare deluge ſome new dead,
 Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled:
 While their affrighted ſoules, now wing'd for flight
 Lent them the laſt flaſh of her glimmering light.
 Thoſe yet freſh ſtreames which crawled every where
 Shew'd, that ſterne warre had newly bath'd him there:
 Nor did the face of this diſaſter ſhow
 Markes of a fight alone, but feaſting too,
 A miſerable and a monſtrous feaſt,
 Where hungry warre had made himſelf a Gueſt:
 And comming late had eat up Gueſts and all,
 Who prov'd the feaſt to their owne funerall, &c.

Out of the Greeke
Cupid's Cryer.

Love is lost, nor can his Mother
Her little fugitive discover :
Shee seekes, shee sighs, but no where spyes him;
Love is lost ; and thus shee cries him.

O yes ! if any happy eye,
This roaving wanton shall descry:
Let the finder surely know
Mine is the wagge ; Tis I that owe
The winged wand'rer, and that none
May thinke his labour vainely gone,
The glad descryer shall not misse,
To tast the *Nectar* of a kisse
From *Venus* lipps. But as for him
That brings him to mee, hee shall swim
In riper joyes : more shall bee his
(*Venus* assures him) then a kisse ;
But least your eye discerning slide
These markes may bee your judgements guide
His skin as with a fiery blushing
High-colour'd is ; His eyes still flushing
With nimble flames, and though his mind
Be ne're so curst, his Tongue is kind :
For never were his words in ought
Found the pure issue of his thought.
The working Bees soft melting Gold,
That which their waxen Mines enfold,
Flow not so sweet as doe the Tones
Of his tun'd accents ; but if once
His anger kinde, presently
It boyles out into cruelty,

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And fraud : Hee makes poore mortalls hurts,
 The objects of his cruell sports.
 With dainty curl's his froward face
 Is crown'd about ; But o what place,
 What farthest nooke of lowest Hell
 Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell
 Of his small hand ? Yet not so small
 As 'tis powerfull therewithall.
 Though bare his skin, his mind hee covers,
 And like a saucy Bird he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 'Bout men and women, nor will spare
 Till at length he perching rest,
 In the closet of their brest.
 His weapon is a little Bow,
 Yet such a one as (*Jove* knowes how)
 Ne're suffred, yet his little Arrow,
 Of Heavens high'st Arches to fall narrow.
 The Gold that on his Quiver smiles,
 Deceives mens feares with flattering wiles.
 But o (too well my wounds can tell)
 With bitter shafts 'tis sauc't too well.
 Hee is all cruell, cruell all ;
 His Torch Imperious though but small
 Makes the Sunne (of flames the fire)
 Worse then Sun-burnt in his fire.
 Wheresoe're you chance to find him
 Cease him, bring him, (but first bind him)
 Pitty not him, but feare thy selfe
 Though thou see the crafty Elfe,
 Tell down his Silver-drops unto thee,
 They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee.
 With baited smiles if he display
 His fawning cheeks, looke not that way
 If hee offer sugred kisses,
 Start, and say, The Serpent hisses.

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Draw him, drag him, though hee pray
Wooe, intreat, and crying say
Prethee, sweet now let me goe,
Here's my Quiver Shafts and Bow,
I'le give thee all, take all, take heed
Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed.

What e're it be Love offers, still presume
That though it shines, 'tis fire and will consume.

High mounted on an Ant *Napus* the tal!
Was throwne alas, and got a deadly fall
Vnder th'unruly Beasts proud feet he lies
All torne ; with much adoe yet ere he dyes,
Hee straines these words ; Base Envy, doe, laugh on.
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon*.

Vpon Venus putting on Mars his Armes.

WHat ? *Mars* his sword ? faire *Cytherea* say,
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to day ?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and o then
What need'st thou put on armes against poore men ?

Vpon the same.

P*allas* saw *Venus* arm'd, and streight she cry'd,
Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why fool ! saies *Venus*, thus provok'st thou mee,
That being nak't, thou know'st could conquer thee ?

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In Seneriffimæ Reginae partum hyemalem.

Serta, puer: (quid nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)

Texe mihi facili pollice sarta, puer.

Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres?

Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi sarta, puer.

Nix? & hyems? non est nostras quid tale per oras;

Non est: vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.

Ver agitur: quæcumque truce[m] dat tæva Decembrem,

Quid fera cunctis, fremant frigora, ver agitur.

Nonne vides qualem se palmite regina vitis

Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis?

Tam letis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis?

Quas hyemis prægit purpura tanta genas?

O Maria! O divam soboles, genitrixque Deorum!

Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?

Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ

Sydera, nil madidos sola movere notos?

Siccine sub mediâ poterunt tua surgere brumæ,

Atque suas solidum lilia nosse nives?

Ergo vel inuitis nivibus, fremantibus Austris,

Nostra novis poterunt regna tinnere rosis?

O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto

Tempora sub signis non finis ire suis!

O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristia mundi

Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!

Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre Calendis:

Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.

Perge intempestiva atq[ue] importuna videri;

Imo, veri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.

Sit nobis sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras

Exhæredatas floribus ire tui.

Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Maiosq; Decembres,
 Has per te roseas sæpe videre nites.
 Altera gens vñrium per sydera computet annum,
 Atq; suos ducant per vaga signa dies.
 Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?
 Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britannia vices?
 Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
 In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
 Sit tunc ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:
 Tempus & in titulos transeat omne tuos.
 Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?
 Aut qua tibi posset candidus ire roga?
 Hanc laurum Junus sibi vertice vellet utroq;
 Hanc sibi vel rosa Chloride Majus emer.
 Tota suam (vere expulso) res publica florum
 Regiam caprent te, sobolemve tuam.
 O bona fors anni, cum cunctis ex ordine menses
 Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit!

Vpon

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Vpon Bishop Andrewes his
Picture before his
Sermons.

THis reverend shadow cast that setting Sun,
Whole glorious course through our Horriſon run,
Left the dimme face of this dull Hemisphare,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great Teare,
Whose faire illuſtrious ſoule, led his free thought
Through Learnings Vniuerſe, and (vainely) ſought
Roome for her ſpacious ſelfe, untill at length
Shee found the way home, with an holy ſtrength
Snathc't her ſelf hence, to Heaven; fill'd a bright place,
Mongſt thoſe immortall fires, and on the face
Of her great maker fixt her flaming eye,
There ſtill to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aſpect hath deign'd to ſhrinke
Into this leſſe appearance; If you thinke,
Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath:
Looke on the following leaves, and ſee him breath.

Out

Ad Reginam.

ET verò jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
 Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem :
 Tempus erat, nè qua tibi basia blanda vacarent ;
 Sarcina ne collo sit minus apta tuo.
 Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,
 Quo primumes felix pignore facta parens,
 Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses ;
 Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.
 Indolis O stimulos ! Vix dum illi transiit infans ;
 Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
 Improbus ille suis aded negat ire sub annis :
 Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero.
 Si quis in aulaeis pictas animatus in iras
 Stat leo, quem docta cuspide lussit acus,
 Hostis (io !) est ; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hostem ;
 Nempe decet tantus non minor ira manus.
 Tunc hasta gravis adversum furit ; hasta bacillum est :
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus biat.
 Stat leo, cen stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste ;
 Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
 Tam toruum, tam dulce micant : nescire fatetur
 Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset Amor.
 Quippe illic Mars est. sed qui bene possit amari ;
 Est & Amor certe, sed metucendus Amor :
 Talis Amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere ; qualis
 Seu puer hic esset, sive vir ille deus.
 Hic tibi jam scitius succedit in oscula fratris,
 Res (ecce !) in lusus non operosa tuos.
 Basia jam veniant tua quacunque caterva ;
 Jam quocunque tuis murmure ludat amor.
 Es ! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est :
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satis.

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*Salve infans, tot basiolis, molle argumentum,
Maternus labiis dulce negotiolum,
O salve! Nam te nato, puer aur'æ, natus
Et Carolo & Mariæ tertius est oculus.*

Out of Martiall.

FOUR Teeth thou had'st that ranck'd in goodly state
Kept thy Mouthes Gate.

The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
The second, none.

This last cough *Ælia*, cougth out all thy feare,
Th'haſt left the third cough now no buſineſſe here.

Out

Out of the Italian.

A Song.

To thy Lover
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(when those Roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire;
That no more Summers best dresses,
Bee beholden
For their Golden
Lockes, to Phœbus flaming Tresses.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrows,
where Apollo
Cannot follow:
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrowes.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Those deere lips whose doore encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and sister Roses.

The Delights of the Muses.

From these treasures
 Of ripe pleasures
 One bright smile to cleere the weather.
 Earth and Heaven
 Thus made even,
 Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee;
 winds cling to thee,
 Might a word once flye from out thee;
 Storme and Thunder
 would sit under,
 And keepe silence round about Thee.

But if Natures
 Common Creatures,
 So deare Glories dare not borrow:
 Yet thy Beauty
 Owes a Duty,
 To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When to end mee
 Death shall send mee
 All his Terrors to affright mee:
 Thine eyes Graces,
 Guild their faces,
 And those Terrors shall delight mee;

When my dying
 Life is flying;
 Those sweet Aires that often flew mee;
 Shall revive mee,
 Or reprove mee,
 And to many Deaths renew mee.

Out of the Italian.

Love now no fire hath left him;
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your Eyes the Light hath rest him.
The heat commanding in my *Heart* doth sit,
O! that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,
Let my *Heat* to your *Light* be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lyes
(Drest in those Beames) start forth
And dance before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutuall Names
Of Love, burne both together.

Out of the Italian.

Would any one the true cause find
 How Love came nak't, a Boy, and blind?
 'Tis this; listning one day too long,
 To th' Syrens in my Mistress's Song,
 The extasie of a delight
 So much o're-mastring all his might,
 To that one Sense, made all else thrall,
 And so he lost his Clothes, eyes, heart and all.

In

In faciem Augustiss. Regis à mor-
billis integram.

Mvsare dñ; vocat alma parens Academia: Noster
En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.
Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantum
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.
Tunc illas violare genas? tunc illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tantas ire per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
Ipsa sedet radiis ò bene tuta suis:
Quippe illic deus est, cœlũque & sanctius astrum;
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quod facie Rex tutus erat, quod cætera tactus:
Hinc hominem Rex est fassus, & inde deum.

On the Frontispiece of Isaacsons Chronologie explained.

IF with distinctive Eye, and Mind, you looke
 Vpon the *Front*, you see more then one Booke;
Creation is Gods Booke, wherein he writ
 Each Creature, as a Letter filling it.
History is *Creations* Booke; which shoves
 To what effects the *Series* of it goes.
Chronologie's the Booke of *Historie*, and beares
 The just account of *Dayes*, *Moneths*, and *Yeares*.
 But *Resurrection*, in a Later Presse,
 And *New Edition*, is the summe of these.
 The Language of these Bookes had all been one,
 Had not th' *Aspiring Tower of Babylon*
 Confus'd the Tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
 As farre the speech, as men, oth' new fill'd world.

Set then your eyes in method, and behold
 Times embleme, *Saturne*; who, when store of Gold
 Coyn'd the first age, Devour'd that Birth, he fear'd;
 Till *History*, 'Times eldest Child appear'd;
 And *Phoenix*-like, in spight of *Saturnes* rage,
 Forc'd from her *Ashes*, Heyres in every age.
 From th' *rising Sunne*, obtaining by just Suit,
 A *Spring's* Ingender, and an *Autumnes* Fruit.
 Who in those *Volumes* at her motion pen'd,
 Vnto *Creations Alpha* doth extend.
 Again ascend, and view *Chronology*,
 By *Optick Skill* pulling farre *History*
 Neerer; whose *Hand* the piercing *Eagles Eye*
 Strengthens, to bring remotest Objects nigh,

Vnder

Vnder whose Feet, you see the *Setting Sunne*,
 From the darke *Gnomon*, o're her Volumes runne,
 Drown'd in eternall Night, never to rise;
 Till *Resurrection*, show it to the eyes
 Of *Earth-worne* men; and her shrill Trumpets sound
 Affright the *Bones* of Mortals from the ground.
 The *Columnes* both are crown'd with either *Sphere*,
 To show *Chronology* and *History* beare,
 No other *Culmen*; then the double Art,
Astronomy, *Geography*, impart.

Or Thus.

Let hoary *Time's* vast Bowels be the Grave
 To what his Bowels birth and being gave;
 Let Nature die, (*Phoenix-like*) from death
 Revived Nature take a second-breath;
 If on *Times* right hand, sit faire *Historie*;
 If, from the seed of empty Ruine, she
 Can raise so faire an *Harvest*: Let Her be
 Ne're so farre distant, yet *Chronologie*
 (Sharpe sighted as the *Eagles* eye, that can
 Out-stare the broad-beam'd *Dayes Meridian*)
 Will have a *Perspicill* to find her out,
 And, through the *Night* of error and dark-doubt,
 Discerne the Dawne of Truth's eternall ray,
 As when the rosie *Morne* buds into Day.

Now that *Time's* Empire might be amply fill'd,
Babels bold *Artists* strive (below) to build
 Ruine a Temple; on whose fruitfull fall
History reares her *Pyramids* more tall
 Then were th' *Egyptian* (by the life, shee give,
 Th' *Egyptian* *Pyramids* themselves must live.)

On these she lifts the *world*; and on their base
 Shewes the two termes and limits of *Time's* race :
 That, the *Creation* is ; the *Judgement*, this ;
 That, the *World's Morning*, this her *Midnight* is.

An Epitaph

*Vpon Mr. Ashton a conformable
 Citizen.*

THe modest front of this small floore

Beleeve mee, Reader can say more

Then many a braver Marble can,

Here lyes a truly honest man.

One whose Conscience was a thing,

That troubled neither Church nor King.

One of those few that in this Towne,

Honour all Preachers ; heare their owne.

Sermons he heard, yet not so many

As left no time to practise any.

Hee heard them reverendly, and then

His practice preach'd them o're agen.

His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were

Those to the Eye, then to the Eare.

His prayers tooke their price and strength

Not from the lowdaesse, nor the length.

Hee was a Protestant at home,

Not onely in despight of *Rome*.

Hee lov'd his *Father* ; yet his zeale

Tore not off his Mothers veile.

To th' Church hee did allow her Dreffe,

True Beauty, to true Holynesse.

Peace,

Peace, which hee lov'd in Life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end ;
When Age and Death call'd for the score,
No surfets were to reckon for.
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
Gently untwin'd his thread of Life.
What remains then, but that Thou
Write these lines, Reader, in thy Brow,
And by his faire Examples light,
Burne in thy Imitation bright.
So while these Lines can but bequeath
A Life perhaps unto his Death.
His better Epitaph shall bee,
His Life still kept alive in Thee.

Rex Redux.

Ille redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura volunt ;
Publicus hoc (audin' ?) plausus ad astra refert :
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum ;
Omnibus hinc una est letitiæ facies.
Rex noster, lux nostra redit ; redeuntis ad ora
Aridet totis Anglia leta genis :
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis ;
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
Forteroges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus :
Anne perrerati male fida volumina ponti
Ausâ illum terris pene negare suis :
Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia, tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera caput.
Nil horum ; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.

The Delights of the Mules.

Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit :

(Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor)

At Carolus qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret :

(Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor)

Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,

Non solum est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor.

Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumphi :

Et satis (ah !) nostri causa doloris erat.

Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset ;

Anglia quod saltem discere posset, Abest.

Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi ;

Dicere quod saltem possumus, Ille redit.

Ode of Catullus,

Come and let us live my Deare,
 Let us love and never feare,
 What the sowrest Fathers say :
 Brightest Sol that dyes to day
 Lives againe as blith to morrow,
 But if we darke sons of sorrow
 Set ; ô then, how long a Night
 Shuts the Eyes of our short light !
 Then let amorous kisses dwell
 On our lips, begin and tell
 A Thousand, and a Hundred score
 An Hundred, and a Thousand more,
 Till another Thousand smother
 That, and that wipe of another.
 Thus at last when we have numbred
 Many a Thousand, many a Hundred ;

Wee'l

Wee'l confound the reckoning quite,
And lose our selves in wild delight :
While our joyes so multiply,
As shall mocke the envious eye,

Ad Principem nondum
natum.

NAscere nunc ; ô nunc ! quid enim, puer alme, moraris ?
Nulla tibi dedit dulcior hora diem.
Ergone tot tardos (ô lente !) morabere menses ?
Rex redit. Ipse veni, & dic bone, Gratus ades.
Nam quid Ave nostrum ? quid nostri verba triumphî ?
Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo.
At maneat tamen : & nobis nova causa triumphî
Sic demum fueris ; nec nova causa tamen :
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipse redit.

Wishes

The Delights of the Mules.

wishes.

To his (supposed) Mistresse.

Who ere shee bee,
That not impossible shee
That shall command my heart and mee ;

Where ere shee lye,
Lock't up from mortall Eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny :

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps to our Earth ;

Till that Divine
Idea, take a shrine
Of Chrystall flesh, through which to shine :

Meet you her my wishes,
Be speake her to my blisses,
And bee yee call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all his Duty
To gaudy Fire, or glistring shoo-ry.

Something more than
Taffata or Tislew can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More then the spoyle
Of shop, or silkwormes Toyle
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face thats best
By its owne beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.

A face made up
Out of no other shop,
Then what natures white hand sets ope.

A cheek where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader sweetly r^uth.

A Cheeke where growes
More then a Morning Rose :
Which to no Boxe his being owes.

Lipps, where all Day
A lovers kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Lookes that oppresse
Their richest Tires but dresse
And cloath their simplest Nakedesse.

Eyes, that displaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out faces
That Sunshine by their owne sweet Graces.

Tresses, that weare
Jewells, but to declare
How much themselves more pretious are.

Whose native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright shades play.

The Delights of the Muses.

Each Ruby there,
Or Pearle that dare appeare,
Bee its owne blush, bee its owne Teafe.

A well tam'd Heart,
For whose more noble smart,
Love may bee long chusing a Dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on loves Bow;
Yet pay lesse Arrowes then they owe,

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme,
That Chastity shall take no harme,

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Ioyes, that confesse,
Vertue their Mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse,

Feares, fond and flight,
As the coy Brides, when Night
First does the longing lover right,

Teares, quickly fled,
And vaine, as those are shed
For a dying Maydenhead.

Dayes, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow;
From a fore spent night of sorrow.

Dayes

The Delights of the Muses. 137

Dayes, that in spight
Of Darkenesse, by the Light
Of a cleere mind are Day all Night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers play,
Yet long by th' absence of the Day.

Life, that dares send,
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say *welcome Friend*:

Sydnean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can Crowne old Winters head with flowers,

Soft filken Hours,
Open sunnes; shady Bowers,
Bove all; Nothing within that lowers,

What ere Delight
Can make Dayes forehead bright,
Or give Downe to the Wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the Name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and Poesy,
Her counsell her owne vertue bee.

I wish, her store
Of worth, may leave her poore
Of wishes; And I wish — No more.

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Now if Time knowes
That her whose radiant Browes,
Weave them a Garland of my vowes ;

Her whose just Bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophie to her present praise ;

Her that dares bee,
What these Lines wish to see ;
I seeke no further, it is shee.

'Tis shee, and heere
Lo I uncloath and cleare,
My wishes cloudy Character.

May shee enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But Modesty dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is.
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full Glory,
My fancyes, fly before yee,
Bee ye my fictions ; But her story.

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FINIS.



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